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A REPLY TO PULLMAN PROPAGANDA

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

Says the Pullman Company, under title THE PULLMAN PORTER, THE BENEFITS OF HIS RACIAL MONOPOLY, "It is a fitting coincidence that Robert T. Lincoln, the son of the great emancipator should have been associated with the Pullman Company as General Counsel, President and Chairman of the Board, and even now, despite his advanced years, as a director."

It is unfitting though interesting to note how the Pullman Company is desperately trying to make a case for the wages and treatment it now gives the porters and maids by sentimentally appealing to the name of Abraham Lincoln through his son. It is a most unhappy and pathetic gesture; for Abraham Lincoln freed Negroes from economic exploitation as *chattel slaves;* whereas his son, Robert T. Lincoln, has lent his influence and name to the notorious exploitation of Negroes as *Pullman slaves.*

Continues the Pullman Company, "Pullman Company employing more than 10,400 porters (who enjoy the only racial monopoly in the world) is among the largest, if not the largest, employer of colored people in this country."

The statement that the Pullman porters enjoy (?) the only racial monopoly in the world, is not true; and, even if it were true, it would not be material. First, let us see what a monopoly is. A monopoly is the practical control of the production or sale of any given commodity, such as the Pullman Company is in relation to the sleeping car business or the Standard Oil Company in relation to oil.

These two corporations control the things they produce and sell; namely, sleeping car service and oil. Now, by *control,* I merely mean the ability to determine and set the prices at which sleeping car service and oil are sold. This price-fixing power enables them to drive out of the field any competitor which would appear to threaten their monopoly. But monopoly for the Pullman Company yields a monopoly profit or a profit which represents the making of millionaires.

What about the so-called monopoly of the Pullman porter? In the first place it is not the only racial monopoly in this country. Of what race, pray, are the Pullman conductors, members? if not the *white* race. There is no other race save the *white* serving as Pullman conductors, is there? Then what is it if not a *racial* monopoly? What is true of the Pullman conductors is also true of the train conductors and engineers.

It is interesting to note also that this alleged *only racial monopoly* does not yield a monopoly wage, a living, an enjoyment, wage. Thus, what value is a racial monopoly of a job which does not give a living reward? Isn't it strange that we never hear of a racial monopoly of jobs by white workers, although such exists? Why?

The statement that the Pullman Company is the largest employer of colored people in the country is quite beside the point. Its only significance is that it exploits the largest number of colored people of any other employer in the country.

In the first sentence of the second paragraph, the Company says, "To the efficient porter Pullman service has meant economic advancement of a nature to give significance to freedom," whatever that means. A strange brand of freedom, this, which attempts to deny porters the right to form a union of, by and for themselves, lawfully to protect their interests.

Continues the Company, "Considering the class of work, the porter is one of the best paid working men in the country, with an income much larger than that of the average United States workman."

The phrase, "considering the class of work," used by the Company takes the *curse* off this statement, for it may mean anything. Is it the intention of the Company to minimize, to underestimate the class of work performed by the Pullman porters, to claim that it isn't worth very much? If so, then it logically follows that it also minimizes the value of the service it sells to the public. If the service of the porter is of little value, then the service which the Company sells is of little value, since the Company *sells* only that service which the porter *produces.* Surely the Company would be unwilling to admit that it collected a gross income of $90,831,274, according to its fiscal report of July 31, 1926, for the sale of a service which is of *little value* to the public. But if it is just and fair for the Company to receive a fair profit for the service it *sells,* then it is also fair and just that the Pullman porter should receive a fair wage for the service he *produces.* But whereas the Pullman Company receives a *luxury profit,* the Pullman porter *earns a living and enjoyment wage,* but only receives a *poverty wage.* It is pure fiction to maintain that the Pullman porter is one of the best paid workingmen in the country. The yearly wage of a porter is $870. The United States Department of Labor statistics sets the budget for the maintenance of the average American family according to decent American standards of living at $2,022, a deficit for the porter of $1,152. Does it appear that he is one of the best paid workingmen in the country? Hardly. After fifteen long years of toil, a porter only reaches the $104 a month mark. The Pullman conductor begins with $155 a month and goes to $185, besides overtime, which is computed upon a basis of 240 hours a month.

In the first sentence of the third paragraph ,the Company claims that, "His minimum wage has been increased 163 per cent the past thirteen years; it is today 141 per cent higher than 1916, and is even 23.75 per cent above the war-time peak wage fixed by the government." This is a clever manipulation of percentages with a view to confusing the public and the porters. It doesn't mean anything to claim that the minimum wage of the porter increased 163 per cent in the last thirteen years, except that his wage was practically nothing thirteen years ago. The fact that it is today 141 per cent higher than 1916 and 23.75 per cent above the war-time peak, fixed by the government, doesn't prove that $72.50 is a living wage, that it is adequate, just and fair. Because tariff rates are fixed by the government on certain commodities at one time does not justify the continuance of those rates through all time, nor does it prove that they are fair or sound.

Big percentage increases are misleading. In order accurately to determine their significance, one must examine that upon which the percentage is based. For example, a boy who has *one* apple gets *one more* apple. His apples have increased 100 per cent. Now, if a girl who has 100 apples gets 10 *more* apples, her apples have increased only 10 per cent. Now, let us compare the number of apples the boy and girl have each and the percentage increase each one gets.

Although the boy who got 100 per cent increase in apples or ten times the percentage increase of the girl, who got only 10 per cent increase, he has 108 apples less than the girl has, the reason being that the 10 per cent increase in apples for the girl was based upon 100 apples or 100 times as many as the boy has. The conclusion is that the per cent is not as important as the number of things the per cent is based upon. Thus the big percentage increases in wages of the porters simply prove that the wages upon which the big percentages are based are very low. For example, the wage of the porter in 1915 was about $27.50. Twenty-five years or more ago, Pullman porters received less than $20.00 a month. Their present wage of $72.50 amounts to about a 200 per cent increase. But what a miserably low wage they now get although it is 200 per cent above their wage some twenty years ago.

"In real wage," says the Company, "it is computed the

average porter was 43 per cent better off in March, 1926, than in July, 1914."

It is computed by whom and on what? But let us grant that it is true. What does it prove? Certainly not that he is well off now. It may be truthfully said that a man with one leg is better off than a man with no legs. But that's no evidence that the man with one leg is in good condition. A man with no legs can't walk at all, and the man with one can only hop.

But I don't agree that in "real wages, the average porter was 43 per cent better off in March, 1926, than in 1914."

First, let us see what is meant by "real" wages. Its meaning is the purchasing power of money wages. Money wages mean the amount of money a worker receives from his employer for his labor. For instance, the money wages of the Pullman porter today at the beginning, is $72.50. His "real" wages, however, are much less. Real wages must always be considered in relation to prices. Let us suppose that prices went up 10 per cent over the present average and that the wages of the porters remained what they are. What would be the condition of the Pullman porter? He would be 10 per cent worse off than he was before prices went up. In other words, he could buy just 10 per cent less of food, clothing, and shelter. The purchasing power of his wages has gone down 10 per cent. Thus, he can buy only $65.25 worth of food, shelter and clothing for $72.50. In fact, his money wages are $72.50, but his "real" wages are $65.25.

Now, the Pullman Company does not cite any figures to establish the truth of their claim. But if the real wages of the Pullman porter made him a 100 per cent better off in March, 1926, than he was in 1914, he still would not be getting a *living wage*. Furthermore, there are real wages and real wages. There is a vast difference between the real wages of a pullman porter and the real wages of an engineer. The latter buys more in solid comfort and happiness as well as in necessities. To say that the real wages of porters are 43 per cent above 1914 is on a par with the increase in money wages of 163 per cent in thirteen years. The only significance of wages is what they will buy of the goods and services of which life depends. It would make not a particle of difference if a worker got one thousand dollars a week, if the prices of things were such that he could not buy enough of the things upon which to live, he is receiving a starvation wage. Prices determine the value of wages. It is a matter of economic history that as goods become dear in prices, money becomes cheap in value or its purchasing power goes down.

Note the situation with labor in Germany after the war. The mark, which is similar to our dollar, plunged downward in value as the prices of goods soared upward. Whereas four marks were equivalent to a dollar in the early stages of the war; after the war a dollar was worth several thousand marks. Whereas a German worker got, let us say, 120 marks a week or $5.00 a day, in American money during the early part of the war, that same workman, during the period of inflation, when its value went down, would get, perhaps, five or ten thousand marks a day; at certain stages, several millions a week. But it must be remembered that a loaf of bread may have cost several hundred or a thousand marks. Thus, "real" wages in Germany during those frightful days of abnormal prices and money inflation were practically nothing.

Tips

The Company further observes in the fourth paragraph that "annual wages average from $870 to $1,248." That is true. "Wage and total income, however, are far from being the same." While they are not the same, they are not far from being the same. Says the Company, "To wages should be added the income from tips, which good porters regard not as degradation, but as recognition of friendly personal service." What does the Company mean by *good* porters? To be compelled to rely upon the charity of the public in order to support one's family, despite the hard work one performs, is degrading, and most porters feel so. But even if they didn't think so, that doesn't make it any the less degrading. Would the Pullman Company maintain that for a man or woman to stand on the street and beg the public for nickels, dimes and quarters for a living, is not degrading? Would it make it any less degrading to the man or woman because he or she did not regard it as degrading? Not at all. The fact that he or she does not regard professional mendicancy as degrading is one of the strongest reasons for abolishing the condition which makes it necessary; for it simply shows that the system is gradually dehumanizing him, converting him into a piece of inanimate equipment of the cars, insensible to the things that bring a flush of shame to the cheek of more manly men. In the nature of things, tiptakers can seldom develop the spirit of manhood of tip-givers. A tiptaker for a living, is compelled to giggle when his heart is well-nigh breaking with sorrow. He frowns and bends the knee in order to induce a feeling of generous geniality in prospective tippers, for herein lies his bread and butter. But fawning and singing and grinning and doing a buck and wing are not necessary elements of good service. It is poor reasoning to claim that because one does not think that his action is demoralizing or degrading it is not demoralizing or degrading. If that were true, there would be no law, order or system in the world. No one's liberties, rights or property would be safe, for one could commit a crime and simply say that he does *not think* that it is a crime. The nature, social significance, effect or consequence of one's act is in most instances indifferent to the thought of the one committing the act.

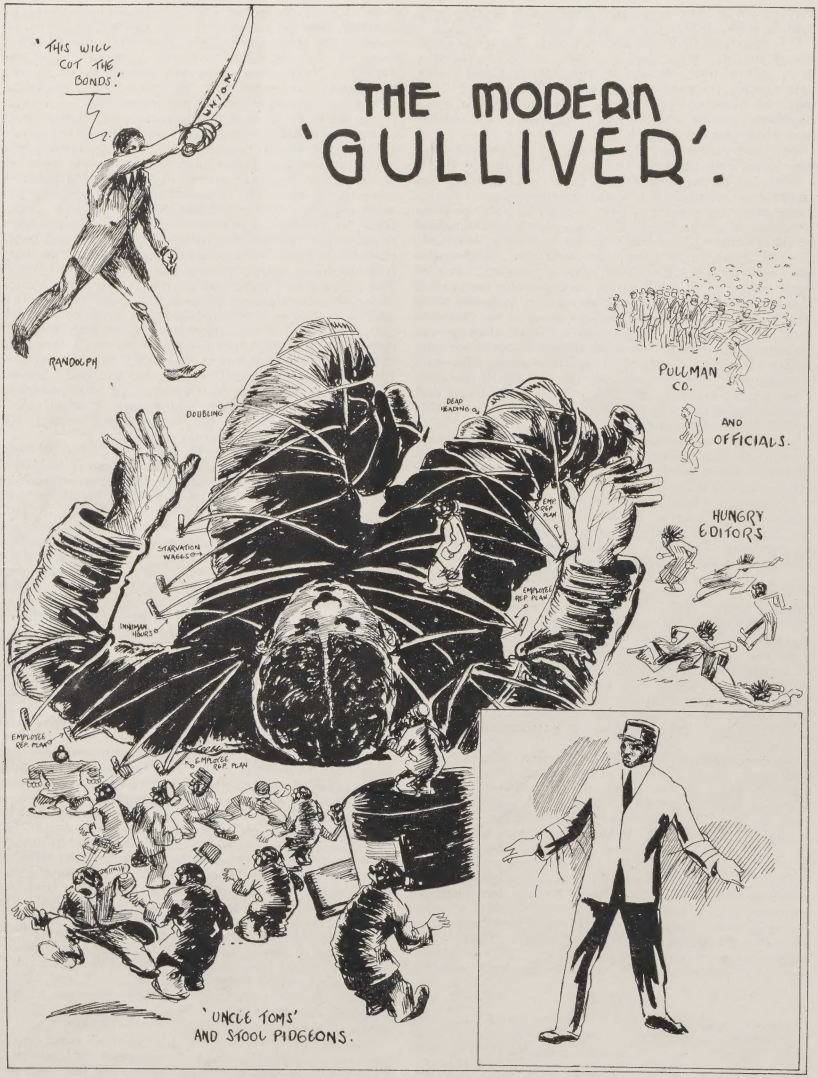
Continues the Company: "If last year, 22,470,751 sleeping car passengers had tipped a quarter, and if 13,155,052 seat passengers had each tipped a dime, tips would have totaled $6,923,193, an average of $55.00 a month for porters in actual service last year. As a matter of fact, a fair average of tips is probably $75.00 a month, the rate recognized by the Pullman Company when paying porters on committee and company work." The only thing wrong with this statement is the "*if*." The Company does not state that it is true, but intimates that it is. It reasons like this: If "A" is equal to "B" and "B" is equal to "C," then "A" is equal to "C." Of course, the conclusion would be true if the premise, the first proposition, were true. Suppose "A" is not equal to "B," then what? and suppose "B" is not equal to "C," then "A" will not be equal to "C." The same principle of reasoning applies to these tips that the Company is supposing the porter gets. Suppose 22,470,751 sleeping car passengers don't tip the porters a quarter, suppose 13,155,052 seat passengers don't tip the porters a dime, then what happens? Well, the porters don't get $6,923,193 the Company supposes they get, or the $55.00 a month each. And the Company's supposition is largely contrary to fact. The wish here is father to the thought, on the part of the Company.

But suppose they did get it, is that sufficient? Not by any means. It doesn't amount to a living wage in the first place; in the second place, the element of uncertainty and irregularity prevents the porter from utilizing the tips to the greatest advantage. No porter can estimate the income of his work over any period of time with any degree of certainty. He cannot plan his household life upon a basis of his wages or his tips.

Says the Pullman Company further, "Addition of $900 a year tips to the minimum and maximum wages makes indicated annual incomes $1,770 and $2,148 respectively."

In reply to this I can only say that I only wish that it were so. But since the Pullman Company says it's so, may I suggest that the Company simply pay these alleged incomes of the porters in definite regular wages.

Continues the Company, "These indicated annual earnings are augmented normally by payment for overtime." Now it is a matter of common knowledge that only the exceptional runs permit a porter to make overtime; because he is required to make 11,000 miles or something over 330 hours a month. When overtime is made, it is very small and at a very great and grave sacrifice in the form of physical exhaustion. All other railroad employees operate on a 240-hour basis, which enables them to make considerable overtime.



"Actual payroll figures of 3,386 porters in March, 1926, showed an overtime excess of 10½ per cent above the basic rate;" observes the Company. Well, if true, what of it? In the first place only one-fourth of the porters are here affected by this supposed overtime. In the second place, the amount each porter gets is just a little over seven dollars more in pay per month. An inconsiderable item, this, so far as a living wage is concerned. "The average porter's income is above that of large numbers of railroad employees," exclaims the Company. If this is true, the said railroad employees are the victims of conscienceless exploitation. But this is merely a state-

ment with not a scintilla of evidence to uphold it. Obviously we cannot accept it.

It is clear that the Pullman Company has a bad case, else it would not be frantically grabbing at such doubtful straws as: "There are 3,100 porters who have been in the Pullman service 10 years and more who incidentally receive free uniforms twice a year," boasts the Company. Well this gift is like the famed Trojan horse which deceived and trapped the people, as a result of which the saying became current: "Beware of the Greeks bearing gifts," implying that most gifts are the most costly of things. So it is with these so-called free uniforms. They are intended to make a porter doubly contented, unwilling to speak up for his rights, fearing less he lose the right to receive these uniforms. It is also calculated to impress the porter with the generosity of the Company toward the porter, that the porter is getting something for nothing, which, of course, isn't true. This free uniform business is pure moonshine. But suppose they are free. They don't represent a bounty. Besides, why wait 10 years? Think of the reduction in a porter's wages who buys two uniforms a year for 10 years! He is spending out of his meagre wages almost half a thousand dollars for the right to work for the Pullman Company, since he can't work without them.

But there is much more to this free uniform proposition. It reminds me of a man who went hunting with a dog. He traveled so far that his rations gave out. He had absolutely nothing to eat. Neither did the dog. Both looked at each other—famishing, in wonderment. The dog barked, the man grunted. Finally starvation forced the man to cut the dog's tail off and stew it, whereupon the man ate the meat off the bone of the dog's tail, drank the soup and pitched the dog the *bones of his own tail,* and expected him to like it, to bark with glee and joy. Such is the case with the porter. When the Company gives a porter a uniform, it is merely returning a part of the wages of the porter to him in the form of a uniform. It is not a gift. It is merely a restoration of that which was unjustly withheld from him. But to return a part of a porter's wages in the form of a gift creates the psychology of obligation on the part of the porter toward the Company. That's why this alleged gift-method is employed. If a man feels obligated to another he is hesitant to make demands for his rights upon him. The Brotherhood will destroy the *obligation* psychology.

Employment is Steady

On employment, the Company contends that "the regular porter has regular employment, calling for no sustained continuous physical effort or prolonged mental concentration, while his relaxation and rest periods and lay-overs are carefully proportioned to his run."

The first part of this statement is correct. The regular porter has regular employment. But the Company claims it has 10,400 porters in the service, and certainly not all of them are *regular.* Several thousands are *extra,* that is, in the language of the porters, are *running wild,* without any regular run. An extra porter may or may not go out. If he goes out, he is paid, if he doesn't go out, he isn't paid. Still an extra porter is not permitted to get any extra work, since he must report and be ready to go out when called or be suspended or discharged. Even regular porters are only paid when they go out or work. Extra porters may be dead-headed for weeks and months all over the country. They have but little life at home.

To state that the work of the porter "calls for no sustained, continuous physical effort or mental concentration" is not true. The period of making up and breaking down the berths does call for sustained, prolonged and continuous physical effort. Between seven and nine o'clock at night any number of passengers may ask for their berths to be made down at the same time. Each one expects his berth to be ready when he wants it regardless of the number of passengers wanting to retire. If anyone has a notion that making ready these heavy steel berths requires no sustained physical effort just let him tackle one.

As to mental concentration. If porters did not concentrate on their work, they would mix up the shoes and the stations of passengers. The Company claims that "the relaxation, rest periods and layovers are carefully proportioned." Although it says in the same paragraph that the porter's work calls for no sustained, continuous effort. If that were so why would there be any need for relaxation, rest and lay-over periods? The Pullman Company is not so generous as to give porters that which they do not need. It is to be noted that the work is not only physically exacting but exhausting. Doubling is an instance in point. Porters may be doubled out after they have just come in off a long run such as from New York to Chicago, without time to see his family or to cleanse his person. He may be confined to a dead-head car with inadequate food or clothes for several days at a time for there is a Pullman rule that a porter must never leave his car. There are a number of porters who run *in charge* who perform prolonged mental work. Nor is the business of catering to the whims of a car of persons with varying temperaments an inconsiderable or simple mental task.

In proof of this prosperity of the porters the Company maintains that "there are 3,811 porters who own their own homes, or more than 700 in excess of the number in the service 10 years." If this is true, the homes must be located where they can be bought for almost a *song.* The Company is careful not to state the value of the homes, or how they were bought. It must be remembered that because a porter owns a home is no evidence that he bought it with the money he made in the Pullman service. Most of the homes the porters are supposed to own are purchased with the assistance of his wife. Otherwise they can barely make ends meet.

But suppose these porters do own the homes the Company alleges. What of it? Is that any reason why they should be required to work for less than a living wage, and to coddle and wheedle passengers out of a dime or so for a living? Not at all. What are the statistics on home owning among the Pullman conductors, the superintendents and higher officials of the Company? Evidently most of them own homes, since their pay is much above that of the porters. Still they are demanding more pay. Would the Company contend that because a wage earner owns a home he has no right to demand a living wage or an enjoyment or cultural wage? Would the Pullman Company refuse to increase its profits even though they represent a big return on its investment? Certainly not. Why should a porter not demand a just reward for his labor despite the fact that he may own a home? "Some," says the company, "own considerably more real estate than their homes." This doesn't prove that their wages are adequate and fair or that the real estate was bought out of money made in the Pullman's employ. But suppose they do own this real estate. They have a right to own it without losing their right to a living wage. Apparently, the Company is of the opinion that when a porter starves himself, sacrifices and suffers, with his wife, working, too, and buys a home, he is not entitled to any more pay, despite the increased productivity and profits for the Company as a result of his labor. Such a theory would spell economic and social backwardness for the porter or any other worker. As the employer wants to increase profits so the worker wants to increase wages.

The Company continues, "A recent canvass shows 1,401 porters own automobiles—not all Fords at that." Evidently if it were ever discovered that a porter owned a Rolls Royce, a general reduction in wages would be ordered, as though it showed that their income was too big. It might as reasonably be asked what kind of furniture porters have in their homes, whether their wives wear cotton or silk hose. But granting that 1,401 porters do own automobiles, what about the other eight or nine thousand? Perhaps they are some of the extra porters or those whose wives don't happen to have very good jobs.

Many Own Pullman Stock

Observes the Company in its crusade against the Union, "Two hundred and thirty-three porters have owned Pullman stock for years, and last January, 1,089 porters subscribed for stock at $140 a share." This is interesting but not exactly the whole truth. After much belaboring and propagandizing, the Company inveigled some of the porters to purchase one or two shares of stock each in order to tie them to the Company and to impress the public with the idea that the porters were rich enough to invest in stock, which, of course, is not the pastime of paupers. But it must be noted that each porter was allowed several years to pay for one or two shares because of his poverty.

As an evidence of the philanthropy of the Company toward the porters, it cites, "In the past three years, the Pullman Company has paid $277,035 in pensions and death benefits, and rendered financial assistance to hundreds of porters to help tide over family emergencies."

This is an unhappy claim, if true; for porters are much more interested in life before death or retirement. It is certainly no consolation to a porter to give him less than a living wage and attempt to pep him up with the assurance that he will get eighteen or twenty dollars a month as pension. It is also interesting to note that the pension is based upon the wage paid not upon the total income claimed the porter received, namely, wages plus tips. Nor is the $277,035 which the Company contends it pays in pensions and death benefits as formidable as it might appear on its face, for it must be reckoned in terms of small, inadequate bits to individual porters. As to the death benefits paid, this is a profitable business to the Company, since it only pays the porter the yearly amount of his wages at death, whereas the group insurance plan most companies insure their employees under, allows the company a thousand dollars for each employee. Now the average wage of the Pullman porter is much less than a thousand dollars. Then, too, the Company gets credit for being charitable to the porters. Again, it must be remembered that the Company is simply insuring and giving pensions and this so-called financial assistance out of the unpaid wages of the porters. So that the Company is not giving the porters anything after all.

As to the financial help the Company renders porters to help them tide their families over emergencies. Our answer to this is that if the porters were getting a living wage, they could *tide themselves* over these emergencies. Isn't it strange that porters who own all the homes the Company claims they own and automobiles, a large number which are not Fords, and who receive all the money the Company maintains, should be caught in such straits as to need financial assistance from the Company to help tide the family over? We should like to know whether the conductors, engineers, firemen and trainmen get into such straits. Obviously the financial straits of the porters are the direct result of low income. But to loan a porter a little money to help him pay his rent rather than to pay him sufficient wages with which to live in decency is advantageous to the Company since it obligates the porter to the Company. He is much less likely to join a union and demand rights instead of beg for charity.

But this is not all the Company has done for the porters according to its propaganda. Says the Company, "A large proportion of Negro lawyers, doctors and other professional men passed to their degrees through the Pullman door of opportunity, in their employment during college vacations as temporary porters." The very same thing might be said of white doctors and lawyers who served as temporary Pullman conductors during vacation periods. Still we don't hear anything about it. Nor did we hear anything about Pullman porters becoming doctors until the porters decided to form a union of, for and by themselves to fight for a living wage. A porter cannot be expected to jump up and clap his heels together and to bubble over with enthusiasm on $72.50 a month just because he is assured that once upon a time a porter by the name of Jim became a doctor. He can't exchange that fact with his grocerman for sugar or his landlord for rent. Nor do all porters expect to be doctors and lawyers. Most porters expect to remain porters but they also expect to get a living out of their jobs since they may want some of their children to become doctors and lawyers. And it may be truthfully said that this claim is no great distinction for the Pullman Company. The railroad dining cars, the steamship lines, in fact, any place where a Negro student works during his vacation period affords the same opportunity the Pullman Company affords which helps them to earn enough money with which to go back to school. By the same reasoning, it may be said that wherever a white student works during his vacation, it affords him an opportunity to pass to his degrees as a doctor or lawyer. But this is no just reason for underpaying and overworking Pullman porters. No one ever hears anything about any corporation advertising the opportunities it affords white students to go through a professional school. However, most of the white students work somewhere during vacation in order to get enough money with which to return to school. But, let us accept the fact that the Pullman Company does give such opportunities to Negro students. The Company is the chief beneficiary. The history of the Company will show that it is not in business for love or charity. Every porter and passenger knows this too well. Unless it were profitable for the Pullman Company to employ Negro students during the vacation, it would not employ them. The students afford a supply of cheap labor which the Company has exploited to great advantage and profit. Thus, the Negro student has earned every dollar he has ever received in the Pullman service. He is not in debt to the Company but the Company is in debt to him. It's ridiculous to claim that any corporation hires a student, white or black, to help him get an education. I know of no scholarship funds of the Pullman Company.

Continues the Company, "Hundreds of porters with long lay-overs practise professions and conduct businesses." If this is true it does not alter the need and the right of the Pullman porter for a living wage, for there are over ten thousand porters who don't enjoy such luxury.

In conclusion, the Company avers, "It is no exaggeration to say that the Pullman porter's steady employment has been a great economic factor in the material development of the colored population of the United States." And it is also fair to add, and can be said without any exaggeration that the Negro porter has been a great economic factor in the material development of the Pullman Company. Upon no other class of workers would the Company have been able to build up the gigantic institution it now is.

In the last sentence of the last paragraph the Company observes, "How the porter himself regards his position is demonstrated by the fact that few porters leave the service voluntarily, while several thousand who have been discharged for various reasons continue their persistent efforts to get back." This doesn't prove that the porters do not want a living wage. What is said here of Pullman porters may be said of the employees of every industry. They don't leave the industry because they cannot nor because they may not want to. Low wages compel them to remain because they are unable to lay aside enough to keep them should they leave to seek better employment. And they seek to return to the service, if let out, because they have given their best days in it and hence know it better than anything else. Moreover, any worker with little or no funds, feels that it is easier to get back on an old job where he knows the employer and the employer knows him than it is to find a new one. It is no evidence at all that he is satisfied with his conditions on the job.

A. Philip Randolph.

Where else in the entire journalistic field could such a devastating and flawlessly logical analysis of employers' propaganda as opposed to the aspirations of black labor, be found? Subscribe today!

THE EATONVILLE ANTHOLOGY

By ZORA NEALE HURSTON

(*Continued from September* MESSENGER)

XII.

The Head of the Nail

Daisy Taylor was the town vamp. Not that she was pretty. But sirens were all but non-existent in the town. Perhaps she was forced to it by circumstances. She was quite dark, with little brushy patches of hair squatting over her head. These were held down by shingle-nails often. No one knows whether she did this for artistic effect or for lack of hair-pins, but there they were shining in the little patches of hair when she got all dressed for the afternoon and came up to Clarke's store to see if there was any mail for her.

It was seldom that anyone wrote to Daisy, but she knew that the men of the town would be assembled there by five o'clock, and some one could usually be induced to buy her some soda water or peanuts.

Daisy flirted with married men. There were only two single men in town. Lum Boger, who was engaged to the assistant school-teacher, and Hiram Lester, who had been off to school at Tuskegee and wouldn't look at a person like Daisy. In addition to other drawbacks, she was pigeon-toed and her petticoat was always showing so perhaps he was justified. There was nothing else to do except flirt with married men.

This went on for a long time. First one wife then another complained of her, or drove her from the preserves by threat.

But the affair with Crooms was the most prolonged and serious. He was even known to have bought her a pair of shoes.

Mrs. Laura Crooms was a meek little woman who took all of her troubles crying, and talked a great deal of leaving things in the hands of God.

The affair came to a head one night in orange picking time. Crooms was over at Oneido picking oranges. Many fruit pickers move from one town to the other during the season.

The *town* was collected at the store-postoffice as is customary on Saturday nights. The *town* has had its bath and with its week's pay in pocket fares forth to be merry. The men tell stories and treat the ladies to soda-water, peanuts and peppermint candy.

Daisy was trying to get treats, but the porch was cold to her that night.

"Ah don't keer if you don't treat me. What's a dirty lil nickel?" She flung this at Walter Thomas. "The ever-loving Mister Crooms will gimme anything atall Ah wants."

"You better shet up yo' mouf talking 'bout Albert Crooms. Heah his wife comes right now."

Daisy went akimbo. "Who? Me! Ah don't keer whut Laura Crooms think. If she ain't a heavy hip-ted Mama enough to keep him, she don't need to come crying to me."

She stood making goo-goo eyes as Mrs. Crooms walked upon the porch. Daisy laughed loud, made several references to Albert Crooms, and when she saw the mail-bag come in from Maitland she said, "Ah better go in an' see if Ah ain't got a letter from Oneido."

The more Daisy played the game of getting Mrs. Crooms' goat, the better she liked it. She ran in and out of the store laughing until she could scarcely stand. Some of the people present began to talk to Mrs. Crooms—to egg her on to halt Daisy's boasting, but she was for leaving it all in the hands of God. Walter Thomas kept on after Mrs. Crooms until she stiffened and resolved to fight. Daisy was inside when she came to this resolve and never dreamed anything of the kind could happen. She had gotten hold of an envelope and came laughing and shouting, "Oh, Ah can't stand to see Oneido lose!"

There was a box of ax-handles on display on the porch, propped up against the door jamb. As Daisy stepped upon the porch, Mrs. Crooms leaned the heavy end of one of those handles heavily upon her head. She staggered from the porch to the ground and the timid Laura, fearful of a counter-attack, struck again and Daisy toppled into the town ditch. There was not enough water in there to do more than muss her up. Every time she tried to rise, down would come that ax-handle again. Laura was fighting a scared fight. With Daisy thoroughly licked, she retired to the store porch and left her fallen enemy in the ditch. None of the men helped Daisy—even to get out of the ditch. But Elijah Moseley, who was some distance down the street when the trouble began arrived as the victor was withdrawing. He rushed up and picked Daisy out of the mud and began feeling her head.

"Is she hurt much?" Joe Clarke asked from the doorway.

I don't know," Elijah answered, "I was just looking to see if Laura had been lucky enough to hit one of those nails on the head and drive it in."

Before a week was up, Daisy moved to Orlando. There in a wider sphere, perhaps, her talents as a vamp were appreciated.

XIII.

Pants and Cal'line

Sister Cal'line Potts was a silent woman. Did all of her laughing down inside, but did the thing that kept the town in an uproar of laughter. It was the general opinion of the village that Cal'line would do anything she had a mind to. And she had a mind to do several things.

Mitchell Potts, her husband, had a weakness for women. No one ever believed that she was jealous. She did things to the women, surely. But most any townsman would have said that she did them because she liked the novel situation and the queer things she could bring out of it.

Once he took up with Delphine—called Mis' Pheeny by the town. She lived on the outskirts on the edge of the piney woods. The town winked and talked. People don't make secrets of such things in villages. Cal'line went about her business with her thin black lips pursed tight as ever, and her shiny black eyes unchanged.

"Dat devil of a Cal'line's got somethin' up her sleeve!" The town smiled in anticipation.

"Delphine is too big a cigar for her to smoke. She ain't crazy," said some as the weeks went on and nothing happened. Even Pheeny herself would give an extra flirt to her over-starched petticoats as she rustled into church past her of Sundays.

Mitch Potts said furthermore, that he was tired of Cal'line's foolishness. She had to stay where he put her. His African soup-bone (arm) was too strong to let a woman run over him. 'Nough was 'nough. And he did some fancy cussing, and he was the fanciest cusser in the county.

So the town waited and the longer it waited, the odds changed slowly from the wife to the husband.

One Saturday, Mitch knocked off work at two o'clock and went over to Maitland. He came back with a rectangular box under his arm and kept straight on out to the barn and put it away. He ducked around the corner of the house quickly, but even so, his wife glimpsed the package. Very much like a shoe-box. So!

He put on the kettle and took a bath. She stood in her bare feet at the ironing board and kept on ironing. He dressed. It was about five o'clock but still very light. He fiddled around outside. She kept on with her ironing. As soon as the sun got red, he sauntered out to the barn, got the parcel and walked away down the road, past the

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SAMUEL COLERIDGE TAYLOR

By HENRY F. DOWNING

(*Continued from September* MESSENGER)

"Two great events," said Coleridge Taylor, replying to a question from the present writer, "have occurred during my career each of which, in a different degree, made me supremely happy—one was the first production of my cantata 'Hiawatha's Wedding Feast,' " he explained; then, a soft smile in his face and his eyes humid, he continued: "the other, and one which ever since it occurred has colored my days with happiness, was my marriage to Miss Jessie Walmisley."

His usually cheerful countenance clouded, and he sighed. Evidently, he was thinking of the many distressful happenings that had beclouded his courting, for, certainly, in his case, just as has happened, I suppose, in many another's, the course of true love had not run any too smooth; to the contrary, it had been full of rocks and shoals amongst which his romance more than once was close upon being wrecked beyond recovery. At that date England was not free of color prejudice any more than she is now—as is disclosed by her unwillingness to allow a group of American Negro physicians to professionally visit her hospitals and clinics, therefore, while Miss Walmisley herself was color-blind, it is not at all remarkable that her parents (and other members of the Walmisley family group) were bitterly opposed to their daughter becoming the wife of a "Blackie," as they were in the habit of calling the young composer. They considered their would-be son-in-law as being only a generation removed from the status of an African savage, and they tearfully warned their Jessie that if she married him in all probability he would inflict upon her strange shifts—perhaps take her to the "Dark Continent," compel her to live amongst his naked relations and wear no clothes. And they carried their opposition to such an extent that their daughter, in no wise frightened by the picture they had painted of what she might have to undergo, had her lover arrange with the writer's wife to have their wedding ceremony performed, under her auspices, in her parish church, St. James', Gunnersbury.

"30 Dagnell Park,
"S. Norwood.
Saturday.

"Dear Mrs. Downing:

"We called last evening as, of course, you know, but we only stayed a few moments.

"The reason of my writing so hurriedly was this—we intended the Banns to be read next Sunday (tomorrow) and found that one of the places must be that in which we intend to be married. One of the two is supposed to live in the Parish, or leave a handbag or something.

"But we had no bag or anything to leave last night! So we must chance it.

"It was so kind of you to write as you did, and as you are good enough to say you will do what I asked, we will be married at St. James', Gunnersbury . . ."

"Believe me, Yours sincerely,
S. COLERIDGE TAYLOR."

Miss Walmisley's parents, faced by this threat, and possibly more afraid of a scandal than of miscegenation, moreover, "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast" had lately been performed, bringing much commendation to its composer, all of which undoubtedly were not without weight to influence the old couple. Anyhow, they relented, with the consequence that the wedding ceremony was performed in their presence in Croydon.

The event of second importance referred to by Coleridge Taylor occurred in the Royal Borough of Kensington—Royal because at one time it all had been the property of the Crown. In the midst of this large and thickly populated area occurs Kensington Gardens, playground of West End London's wealthy children and their white-aproned becapped nursery-maids. At its eastern limit it impinges upon Hyde Park, close to where "The Serpentine" spreads into a shallow limped lake; thence it stretches nearly a mile to Kensington Palace, one of England's most popular show-places, full of beautiful pictures, statues and other art-objects not the least interesting of which is a bronze bust representing a Negro who, so the story goes, was quite as much a favorite with British Royalty as the Negro, Count von Lucanus, unofficially called "The Diplomatic Executioner," was a favorite in the Prussian Court.

These Gardens, full of beautiful flowers and foliated trees, fountains and ornamental lakes, undulate southward from Bayswater Road—a section of an old Roman road that runs in almost a straight line from London to The Land's End, where the waters of St. George's and the English Channels mingle and lose themselves in the Atlantic—to Kensington High Road, at the edge of which stands the gilded statue of Prince Albert Edward, Prince Consort of Queen Victoria, whose influence brought about the erection of that wonderful structure—wonderful at the date of its creation—"The Crystal Palace," built upon an eminence not many yards away from the humble cottage which sheltered our great composer in his early infancy. This princely effigy, probably the most displeasing example of statuary in all of London, has its gilt-dulled eyes apparently fixed upon a building, immense in size, at the opposite side of the road, called "The Royal Albert Hall," its interior divided into a vast auditorium capable of seating many thousands.

A short distance south from this splendid home of music, and her allied arts, stands the Royal College of Music wherein "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," the first of Coleridge Taylor's triology, "Hiawatha," had its premier performance in November, 1898. It was an event worthy of being described in letters of gold! The college concert hall was crowded to overflowing with London's music-lovers, ranking from the most highly placed to Cockney hucksters; nor were the curious and the prejudiced absent. Curiosity was eager to see what a Negro composer looked like, and what kind of music he would offer; prejudice was present to sneer, and none were more ready in this respect than Joseph Bennet, Musical critic of "The Daily Telegraph," a great London journal while, in season and out of season, was unfriendly to the Negro. Bennet referred to our composer's music as being barbaric; some years later, however, possibly influenced by a handsome fee given to him for writing a critical analysis of "Hiawatha," he lauded "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," "up to the skies," as he did the other parts of the triology, and declared that its composer was one of the greatest musicians of the day.

But as Robin H. Legge, a greater critic than Bennet, said: "How vividly one recalls that concert, with Sullivan, then very ill, sitting upon a chair specially placed in the front of the hall for him! I can well remember the excitement among the students, which had been considerably enhanced by the fact that one of their own brethren had actually achieved the dignity of publication for a composition, and that a cantata! . . . Coleridge Taylor was not only a composer of immensely interesting music, the best of which was strongly marked by a genuine personality; his was also a deeply interesting individuality. Auguste Yaeger, who was the prophet of Elgar, was no less the friend of Taylor, and there seems no doubt that it was entirely due to him that the young composer's music saw the light of print in those early days. It is recorded that the firm of publishers who issued "Hia-

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THREE HOURS WITH A PORTER

By A. SAGITTARILS

He is the best known standard equipment of a Pullman Car. Indispensable, an absorbent for all the ills that are heir to his surroundings, a prey to harder usages, he has worn better than any other equipment. The denial to him of adequate material benefits for his labor, has in part, been compensated by the development of a sturdy manhood.

Within the confines of a drastic school, his nature has been embellished with patience and endurance, tact and courtesy as well as diplomatic powers that would shine even in the environment of a World Court. His spirit has passed through the fire and the test has left him graded in a group ready for their next higher step in collective expression; dominated by the spirit of that group.

The concrete result is, generally, such movements as the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and Maids. There was a time, not so long ago, when he was not credited with natural human requirements, by his employers; as little or no provision was accorded him for sleeping, even, on the longest runs.

Penalties, if caught indulging in that luxury, were amply and definitely established and their inflictions were many, often and severe. It took the United States Government, looking through the keen eyes of Messrs. W. G. MacAdoo and Director Hines, to detect his near-human proclivities, in this respect.

When the value of man-power was at its height in the famous "during the war," it was decreed that this peculiar piece of equipment could not give adequate service without sleep. Thereafter he was allowed a minimum of three hours per night on runs extending over one night. It is interesting to note that since the return of the Pullman Company to its original management, the "at least three hours," the minimum, has become the maximum rest period.

In his off watch, he may be found either in upper berths one or two, or on the sofa in the smoking room. Any one of these locations brings him in close proximity to much used utilities:—the bell, the water cooler, the linen locker, the smoking room, the platform and the toilet. Singly, each constitute an element of disturbance; combined they present a formidable array that could not be overcome by sleep, except when backed by severe physical exhaustion. Since he is often sound asleep it is obvious that that condition is not a rarity.

The rest periods are from 12 P. M. to 3 A. M. or from 3 A. M. to 6 A. M. It was 11:50 P. M. when I found him leaning against the steel guard of a window, in the passage near the men's toilet. His attitude was one of weariness, dejection and disgust. Something was decidedly wrong and his gallant attempt of a cheery greeting to me, did great credit to his self-control. After a few desultory remarks, I presumed on our long acquaintance to inquire into the cause of his disquietude.

He first looked at his watch before replying, then said, "I have had a hard day, the car is crowded with a restless summer crowd, and my prospects of going to bed is getting worse every minute." A conversation was being carried on in the smoking room, in loud tones, intermingled with louder laughter. After a minute he continued, pointing over his shoulder: "Two Oklahomans and a Georgian. Listen to that! I ought to be paid five hundred dollars a month to have my ears assaulted and my feelings wrecked with that brand of Americanism or, there ought to be a Federal Law to muzzle them."

The first part of the tale that caused this outburst was lost to me. It was the usual "classic" of that type—the Negroes. This especial one had escaped a posse that was hunting him for some trivial offense, and entered a house. The armed leaders of the posse, Christian citizens of a highly developed democracy, had followed, and the terrified and unarmed man, in trying to escape through a too-small window, got stuck and was riddled through by the bullets from the guns of his gallant pursuers. The picture of the body, balancing on the window, was too much for the imagination and perverted humor of these products of our modern civilization and they joined in a chorus of undisguised and fiendish glee.

It was the narrative of as finished a piece of brutality as I ever heard. Words were futile then, and I laid my hand on his shoulder. After a minute or two I suggested that he should explain to them the necessity of his going to bed, while they could continue their diversion in the Club Car. He voiced two objections. They were these: The Company did not allow him to make the request, nor did passengers of that type look with any favor on a Club Car. They are not as popular there as here. The audience is not always appreciative. The last expression gave me an idea. I stepped in the smoking room and seated myself on the short seat. There was little doubt that I was unpopular from the start. Conversation and mirth ceased except that the Georgian claimed that those niggers on State Street in Chicago were trying more and more every day to act like white men and he would like to have them down where he came from for a few days. A few minutes more of uneasy sitting elapsed when they took themselves off to bed.

He came in looking somewhat brighter and started cleaning up for the night. The two large spittoons seemed to have been avoided with scrupulous care. On the other hand, the floor, window sills, leather seats and even the wash basins came in for ashes and tobacco juice, that was scattered liberally and with skill bred of years of intensive practice.

It was 12:40 when the last finishing touch was placed on the basins and the curtain concealed his couch. He took off his shoes, coat and collar but did not otherwise undress. He assured me that I would in no way disturb him and could remain as long as I wanted. It was my wish to remain. The lights were turned down except one over the door to the toilet. For a while comparative quiet reigned, only broken by the discordant notes of the nasal orchestra that persisted to play in keys widely dissimilar throughout the car. Suddenly the bell broke the stillness. It was a hot night, the windows were all up and screened and the sound evidently did not reach the relieving porter. At any rate, as the ring died away for the third time, my friend got up and answered the summons.

He was back almost immediately with the remark, "Lady in lower twelve wants to know what river we just crossed." It was 1:15 A. M. We were coming into a city and a belated passenger wanted a berth. Having no ticket, the train and Pullman conductors came in the smoking room to make collections and no attempt was made at being quiet, despite the legend of the "quiet sign" very much in evidence hanging about.

The linen locker, water cooler, smoker, platform and toilet all came in play and if ever an odor could be called rascally, that which exuded from that passenger's pipe should have the unique privilege. Its coalition with the smell of moonshine freely indulged in by the late occupants of the room was truly unpleasant.

Scarcely had I settled back and closed my eyes when a youth in pajamas entered with a newspaper and cigarette and requested the loan of a match. He next perched himself on a wash basin, lit a cigarette, turned on the light and started glancing through his paper without giving the porter the slightest consideration. He may not

(*Continued on next page*)

WHAT ARE WE?

By GEORGE S. GRANT

The respect of his fellow-citizens is the citizen's birthright.

When through circumstances not created by himself, this birthright is threatened or taken away, it becomes his duty as well as his privilege to use all lawful means to restore unto himself intact this right which is lost or threatened.

A title which is neither contemptuous, nor ridiculous, is an essential part of this birthright.

The word "negro" used to designate a certain group of American citizens is a contemptuous term; resembling in sound and structure the more opprobious epithet, "nigger," the associations brought up by one are easily recalled by the other and aside from its ethnological incorrectness make it an unfit term with which to classify American citizens.

The misplaced word, "colored," used to designate this group is ridiculous; grammatically absurd, it also inevitably calls to mind the comic, the grotesque, which never demand respect.

The term BLACK AMERICANS fills a long felt want. The argument for it begins with the fundamental assertion that we are not Negroes (niggers) or colored people (culled fellahs) but Americans; if it is necessary to distinguish us from the white Americans, then we are BLACK AMERICANS; not all of us are black, not all of white people are white, but "black" and "white" are used here to classify rather than to describe.

It logically follows that as Americans we were entitled to the same treatment that other Americans are; no more, no less than the white Americans.

Here we see the subtle danger of the nicknames which have been given us by the whites and to which most of our group cling. As negroes we may be jimcrowed, disfranchised; as colored people we may be segregated, discriminated against; but against Americans such methods are clearly seen to be unjust, unpatriotic and unwise.

This clinging by us to the nicknames which harm us is explained by our aversion to the word "black." This aversion may be explained in turn by analysing three fallacies which form its basis; first, the false motion of white purity and black impurity, which takes its root in popular religious conception of white divinities, angels, etc., and black devil demons, etc. Springing from this false notion we find this idea (as expressed in the song, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow"), developing, growing until it premeates all the literature and thoughts of the Western civilization until it is very common and habitual to speak of "black thoughts," a "black evil countenance," etc.

The second false notion is the idea that beauty is somehow connected with skin color to the credit of lighter shades. This notion depends somewhat upon the first and is the result of the unceasing propaganda of the Western civilization.

The third false notion is the idea that because a people of a certain racial type occupy a position of economic and political power and control, they are inherently and potentially superior.

This last fallacy is the most difficult to correct, because, to the average mind the immediate experience assumes an importance out of all proportion to its real value; seeing the white people occupying most of the important positions, controlling most of the wealth and power, we are apt to forget that other races have at various times been at the lead in civilization—we are disposed to overlook the ease and celerity with which other races assimilate and IMPROVE upon the arts and sciences of the Western civilization; we are prone to look upon a phase of civilization and call it civilization itself.

By adopting the term "BLACK AMERICAN" we will avoid the nicknames which furnish a large part of the excuse for attempts to impose upon us different and inferior treatment and conditions; also as the whole machinery of education and publicity in the United States is designed and operated to build up respect and romantic idealism around the word "American," by merely including that term in our group name, we inevitably appropriate the effect of that propaganda.

By voluntarily choosing the logical mark which distinguishes our group from the group of White Americans, we endow both it and ourselves with a dignity, which reinforced by the development of economic, cultural, and political strength will operate to dispel the fallacious ideas of white purity, white beauty, and white superiority.

Three Hours with a Pullman Porter

(*Continued from page 299*)

have been there at all. It was then one forty-five and the porter was not asleep.

Finishing his smoke, the youth threw the paper on the floor, yawned, stretched and sauntered off to bed leaving the lights on. I had just turned them out when the Georgian entered, glanced at me and passed into the toilet, without closing the door. Queer character! He did none of the things that ordinary decency demanded; but retracted his steps leaving toilet unflushed, door open and a stream of water that sought the aisle, then back, and just missing my toes, dived under the porter's shoes, doubling back to join the main stream. The door kept banging with the motion of the train and the additional and noxious effluvia did nothing to produce a more favorable condition.

After a few minutes I did what I knew the porter would have done, save mopping the floor, but I removed his shoes to a safer level. Two-ten arrived without further disturbances and I had just mentally congratulated the porter when again the bell rasped out. At its fourth ring, and just when my long-suffering friend stuck his head out, the relieving porter passed. The step ladder was needed.

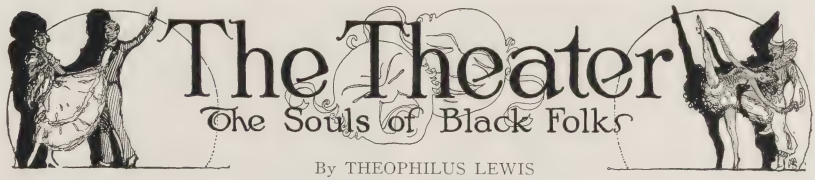
It was now two-fifteen and surely the forty-five remaining minutes would be peaceful. By this time, I was thoroughly sleepy and heartily disgusted; but determined to keep vigil until 3 A. M. I wondered about the mental state of the porter and speculated on how he would get through his work and meet the demands of an exacting public next morning. My reverie was not long unbroken as I was again joined by a passenger carrying his grip. He detrained at two forty-five and would need the next half hour to get ready. All the popular utilities came into play and unlike the Georgian, this man believed in closing a door. It was not necessary to see the act; the impact could be heard at an unreasonable distance.

During the next forty-five minutes, the bell rang three separate times. Many passengers made demands on the popular utilities but the Christian injunction "do unto others as you would have them do unto you" was not in evidence. Was it selfishness or was it merely thoughtlessness? I wonder!

At two thirty-five, when the passenger was being brushed off by the relieving porter, my friend was still awake. He said it was useless to try to sleep now. We chatted until 3 A. M. when he came on his watch smiling.

I expected him to be irritated, as I was, but he took all as a matter of course saying: "It is not always as bad as this." Surely he liberally demonstrated the quotation: "There is no rest for the weary." He had gone to bed tired, spent three sleepless hours and got up smiling. Was he human? Can you blame the Pullman Company if they failed to detect it?

Conditions of that sort are likely to produce super-men. Beware of the Black Peril!



By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

SURVEY OF THE NEGRO THEATRE—III

Responsibility of Actors

It goes without saying that in a theater controlled by a mercenary management which caters exclusively to an almost depraved part of the public the kind of performers we usually think of when we use the word "actor" will be few and far between. As this unwholesome condition exists perennially in the Negro theater it will not surprise us to find that the actor with no talent for low comedy and no inclination to trade obscenity for applause, but cherishing instead a decent regard for the profession of Aldridge, Betterton, Barrymore and Gilpin, the actor, for instance, like Robeson is virtually barred from practising his profession. Here we come to the fundamental weakness of the Negro theater—the absence of actors with an understanding of the dignity of their calling.

After all it is the actor who makes the theater. The dramatist endows it with its enduring features and the audience and financial powers can influence it to an extent for better or worse, but it is the actor who finally establishes its contemporary status. The end of all acting is to lure the audience out of itself, to make it forget the ordinary business of life and give its whole interest to the scenes being presented on the stage. But an actor of power and vision will not merely tease an audience out of itself. He will lift the audience above itself, waking up in his spectators latent aspirations and longings for beauty they were not previously conscious of. In this way the actor can gradually create a demand for a higher standard of entertainment. Such an attitude on the part of the audience reacts on the financial control and results in improving the general tone of the stage.

Actors capable of refining the public taste are never common, not even in the most puissant periods of the stage. They are never in the majority in any theater. But unless the personnel of the stage contains an active minority of such actors it will remain stagnant and uninspiring no matter how free it is of financial restraint and regardless of the culture level of its public. The backward condition of the Negro theater is at once the result and the proof of the low calibre of colored actors.

The most striking evidence of the general inferiority of Negro actors is the almost total absence of the dramatic actor from the Negro stage. Not only is the talented actor virtually nonexistent on its boards but even mediocre dramatic actors are rare. The best informed colored theatrical observer in America once declared to the writer that if a producer wanted to cast a single play requiring ten characters he would find it impossible to fill the parts with competent players from the ranks of colored professionals. This statement is certainly supported by the fact that in most recent attempts to organize colored dramatic companies the producer has usually recruited his cast from scattered amateur organizations. There is nothing which can be said in extenuation of this condition. It is simply an evidence of the marked lack of virility of the Negro actor and a rebuttal of his vaunted "natural" ability to excel on the stage.

No doubt there are many obstacles in the way of the Negro dramatic actor; the apathy of the public being one, the opposition of managers being another, the style of the theaters still another. But those obstacles are by no means insuperable. A handful of actors of courage and stamina, like Holcroft, the sturdy Englishman, or the robust American, Joseph Jefferson would certainly have swept aside opposition tenfold as formidable in the course of the generation during which the Negro actor has been firmly established in the theater. The Negro actor has seldom possessed hardness enough to face the grind of perfecting himself in his art while carrying on a gruelling fight with an indifferent public and hostile managers. Only Gilpin has made the gallant fight of the true knight of the stage.

When we turn to the field of light amusement, the province of the diseur and the low comedian, we see the Negro theater at its best. Here we find a long roster of performers who challenge comparison with any set of similar performers anywhere. On the top tier stand Florence Mills, Shelton Brooks and Johnny Hudgins.

Luscious Low Comedy

There is, of course, a legitimate place in the theater for pantagruelism and the kind of humor based on ineptitude. They are the sugars and fats of the stage and if the theater abandoned them completely it would soon become too emaciated to present a convincing illusion of full blooded reality. This, however, is an observation hardly worth making, since the theater never does abandon them. But all too frequently the theater deserves reproof for the opposite fault—that of falling into a crapulous condition as a result of devoting most of its energy to coarse and lascivious amusement. The Negro theater is certainly in that bloated condition now, but to the connoisseur who, while regretting the absence of drama, can relish horseplay and bawdy comedy it offers a rich variety of entertainment that far surpasses anything the white American stage can offer in the same line; and what it lacks in subtlety and cleverness it more than makes up for in sensuousness and daring.

The main attraction of the colored stage is its dancing. Negro actors employ this art to express all the various manifestations of the comic spirit of life, but more than anything else they employ it to express the wanton play of sex. When white people visit colored show houses they invariably comment on the exhilerating quality of the dancing they see; and even Negroes themselves, who are rather prone to disparage their own good points and admire the gifts of white folks, are compelled to admit they derive more pleasure from observing their own dancing. It is the dancing of the women that elicit universal praise and the reason is because its appeal is frankly and effectively directed to the primary sex instincts. Not only is sex the main motif of the dancing of the colored stage; it is also the principal theme of its humor. In singing their famous Blue songs, Edith Wilson, Bessie Smith, Ethel Waters, Cora Green and Gertrude Saunders, to mention only a few of the gorgeous girls, never hesitate to employ the seductiveness of the female voice as well as the suggestiveness of the female figure to excite the sexual feelings of an audience. And supporting the girls is a heavy roster of ribald comedians who exploit every forbidden theme under the sun except blasphemy and incest. Frequently this hilarious and incessant play on sex runs to indecency, but generally it is representative of the natural and sane attitude toward the subject characteristic of the Negro race.

It is a curious fact that the candid and humorous treatment of sex by the Negro stage has enriched the general culture of America to a greater extent than it has benefited the people whose theater introduced it. The increasing paganism of the white masses can be attributed to the influence of the Negro theater more than any other single institution; and this is a good thing, for the spiritual life of American whites was threatened with dry rot and sadly in need of some such tonic. But handling sex in a stark manner before colored audiences is rather supererogatory. Our way of living is naturally fecund and exuberant and we have a frank way of facing life. When colored actors dwell on the mere play of passion in a single mood instead of showing its significance in various veins they are simply giving a literal duplication of life with a certain amount of exaggeration which is the lowest form of art and the work of petty artists.

The leading colored comedians are highly proficient in the small things they have set themselves to do, and it is gratifying to watch them improving year after year until, within their narrow limits, they approach perfection. I have already mentioned Johnny Hudgins, somewhat inappropriately, in connection with Florence Mills and Shelton Brooks. Although his popularity is at present in the ascendancy, he really belongs in the company of low comedians with Irvin and Flournoy Miller, Emmet Anthony, Billy Mills, Billy Higgins, Eddie Hunter, Lew Peyton and Slim Henderson. Each and every one of these lusty fellows could give the first grave digger cards and spades and then show him a trick or two in ineptitude and Bufoonery, while any of the girls listed above, besides

singing blues in a fascinating way, could hold her own playing the dozens with Charmian—Shakespeare's Charmian, not Bernard Shaw's. The theater always needs actors of this sort; but when it has no other kind of actors, which is the plight of the Negro stage, its tone is bound to be low and its progress hardly noticeable.

Lack of Drama

I have already noted the absence of the dramatic actor from the Negro stage. Of course, there has been Aldridge and today we have Gilpin and Robeson. But Aldridge was a solitary genius who antedated the Negro theater. Gilpin is a product of the colored stage but it has never encouraged him in dramatic acting. Fame came to him in the white American theater, and the chances are that he, like Aldridge and Robeson, would have achieved success if the Negro theater had never existed.

Now there is nothing about dramatic acting itself that exalts it above the work of the diseur or the clever novelty actor. One can effectively argue that the actor who depends on his personal resources to engross an audience must possess a higher degree of native talent than the performer who relies on the interest and suspense created for him by the dramatist. But this is not the place to discuss the point in either side. What makes the dramatic actor the most valuable asset the theater can possess, except one, is the fact that his presence encourages the production of drama.

As a rule the dramatic actor understands well enough that the only way he can make a lasting name for himself is to identify himself with a conspicuous part in a great play. A great play from an actor's point of view is one furnishing him with a part that enables him to make a profound impression on his audience. This is why so many actors either openly or secretly hanker to play Shylock, Hamlet or Macbeth. Those characters have already withstood the test of centuries and the chances are their popularity will endure as long as civilized people know of their existence. If an actor can interpret those parts with signal success or add some original touch to their interpretation his name will be added to the long list of actors who, like satelites, bask in the reflected glory of great plays.

On the other hand, the actor's genius without the association with great drama to sustain it is less enduring than his life. No matter how great an actor's ability is, old age will impair it and death will eventually destroy it. In time it will become a mere memory in the minds of old men or a memoir gracing the pages of an old book. Only those who have seen it in the vividness of the flesh can appreciate the brilliancy of an actor's talent or the depth and sweep of his power. Only a little while after he dies his genius will become simply one more legend and pretty soon his name will be forgotten by everybody except bookish antiquarians. If you ask the first ten school teachers you meet who Richard Burbage was the chances are eight of them will inquire if you don't mean Burbank. Even when an actor's name escapes oblivion his genius is frequently discounted. Here is what an admiring contemporary wrote of Burbage and his associates: "Richard Bourbidge and Edward Allen, two such actors as no age must ever look to see the like; and to make their comedies complete, Richard Tarleton, who for the part called the Clown's Part, never had his match, never will have." When we of today see Hampden as Cyrano de Bergerac or Gilpin as The Emperor Jones we are likely to conclude that the writer of that ecomium was a little previous in his judgment. When we further recall that the writer lived in an age when even gentle folks helped themselves to meat with their fingers, and when the courtyard of an inn served for a theater while a tub set out in the open served as a common urinal for the audience, we are all to prone to suspect that his general culture was not sufficient to warrant his making a sound appraisal of an actor's ability. But there is no dispute about the quality of the plays that have come down from that time. Othello and Hamlet, plays probably written for this same Burbage, speak for themselves and offer themselves for judgment according to universal stands of excellence. They not only speak for themselves; they justify the age that produced them and insure the lasting fame of the actors who played in them.

Drama is the precious life blood of the theater and the only one of its features that can be treasured up on purpose for a life beyond the life of the time the stage represents. At its best it is much more than that. It is the most vivid portrait of an age art can produce. Drama more than any other art form except the novel embodies the whole spiritual life of a people; their aspirations and manners, their ideas and ideals, their fantasies and philosophies, the music and dignity of their speech—in a word, their essential character and culture, and it carries this likeness of a people down the centuries for the enlightenment of remote times and races.

When the theater nurtures a vigorous drama it justifies its existence no matter what its deficiencies are in other respects. To say, as we must say, that the Negro theater has made only puny and abortive attempts to encourage drama is to convict it of failure in the one endeavor that makes the theater really worth while.

Conclusion

I began this brief outline of the Negro theater with the intention of discussing its efficacy as a medium of spiritual expression and I have touched on all its salient features except its history. I have shown that instead of addressing its appeal to the general body of Negroes it specializes in pleasing the lowest element, this condition being partly due to the unsound economic organization of the Negro theater but mainly due to the low calibre of its actors. Worst of all, the colored stage has made no effort to develop indigenous drama and its attempts to present any kind of drama have been half-hearted, puny and ineffectual; which means it has made no concrete contribution to the culture of the race nor given us anything we can pass on as our gift to the general culture of humanity.

On the bright side, I cited the fact that the mere existence of any kind of theater counts for some profit, and that having an agent of spiritual expression for the bottom of the race is certainly better than having no medium of spiritual expression at all. The careers of Charles Gilpin, Florence Mills and Shelton Brooks show that while the atmosphere of the colored stage is inimical to the development of good acting it is not necessarily fatal to hardy talent. More than any other factor, the Negro theater, through the channel of the white vaudeville stage has helped to undermine the prudery of the white masses, stimulating from below the trend toward paganism literature is presently fostering from above. Finally, in the terrific passion of its dancing and the rich ribaldry of its comedy there is an auspicious promise for the future if the great energy of our stage can be subjected to the service of the dramatist.

It frequently happens that describing a condition literally without enlightening comment is as misleading as a wilful distortion of facts. There are times when extenuation is the better part of truth. In the final appraisal of the contemporary Negro theater two general allowances must be made: first, the theater everywhere always lags somewhat behind the cultural advance of the people it represents, and, second and more important, the Negro theater is a primitive theater. When we consider the spiritual intimacy existing between the actors, who commonly come to their work fresh from the gin mills, and the spectators, who are plentifully supplied with flasks of liquor, the performances of the Negro theater at once assume the aspect of Bacchanalia we readily recognize as homologues of the Attic revels which preceded the advent of Aeschylus. This is a happy augury for the future.

Press bravely onward! Not in vain
Your generous trust in human kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

—Whittier.

PREVIOUS STRUGGLES OF THE PULLMAN PORTERS TO ORGANIZE

By F. BOYD

As we proceed to investigate the economic conditions of the porters and maids employed by the Pullman Company to determine the cause of the present unrest among them, as expressed in their determination to organize, we find some of the underlying causes to be the arbitrary economic control of the local officials of the management, who have the power to discharge without just causes and to grant or withhold the opportunity to earn an honest living, and to prevent free speech, as men in St. Paul have been reprimanded for giving the free expression of their honest opinion, and to freely assemble. Men have been taken off runs for attending union meetings. In such communities and such conditions, political and social democracy does not exist at all and liberty is a mockery. Political freedom can exist only where there is industrial freedom; political democracy only where there is industrial democracy.

For such conditions, which have been described above, rest primarily upon the porters who, blind of their collective strength and often-times deaf to the cries of fellow workman have suffered exploitation and the invasion of their most sacred rights without resistance.

As a parallel to the present situation, I will give a brief outline of the Pullman conductor's struggle with the Pullman Company for better conditions, and the "Bell Uprising" as it was commonly called by the porters at that time. R. W. Bell was employed by the Pullman Company three times. Once as clerk in the storerooms at the Dearborne Station, and twice as a conductor. He was in the service as a conductor working out of Mr. Waite's district in 1913, when the conductors, after many efforts to improve their working conditions by petitions, had failed, because of the utter indifference to their welfare on the part of the management, so they decided they could get consideration only by collective bargaining, through organization.

This movement was talked among the conductors and porters early in 1913, and by May in said year it was generally known of all over the Pullman system. Mr. Bell was very active in the movement. He was running on the Chicago and Alton. From Chicago to St. Louis at that time. I can't recall the date, but it was in June, 1913, he was discharged by Mr. Waite, who did not tell him why he was let out of the station. Mr. Stewart and Mr. Bernadickt also got the same treatment in Chicago. Some of the conductors in the East were treated a little worse than their brothers in the "Windy City." In Jersey City they were escorted out of the station by the police. In New York at the Penn Terminal they were forbidden to go into the Y. M. C. A. rooms. Other conductors who suffered under the iron hand of Pullman Imperialism were J. M. O'Williams, Houston, Texas; E. D. Shortledge and C. R. Weygandt, of New York; S. J. Roberts, of Jacksonville, Fla., and A. P. Ferguson, of St. Louis, Mo. Mr. Wood, of San Francisco, called W. O. Hunsicker in his office and read what he called the "Riot Act" to him for being mixed up in that Pullman union business.

I was running in Chicago over the Chicago and Northwestern at that time and the porters in that district were much enthused. One of the porters running on a short run was taking the names of those who were in favor of organizing. Porters were enrolled in Denver, Portland, Seattle, St. Paul and Chicago, to my knowledge, and all was going well until Mr. Bell and his brother conductors were discharged, which killed the spirit of organization in the porters. The conductors kept up the fight and were finally organized and recognized in 1918. During this struggle for industrial emancipation, which began in 1913, the conductors were getting from $70.00 to $100.00 a month. Now, if they could not live on those wages in 1913, how can a porter with a family live in a reasonable degree of comfort and decency on less than a hundred in 1926, when the cost of living is 100 per cent higher?

During the Pullman conductors' struggle with the Pullman Company, for the purpose of establishing economical justice, industrial unrest was general in the United States.

The millions of toilers who had been denied the right to have a voice in their industrial welfare, through the control of the industrial system which enabled the employer to control not only the working man's opportunity to earn his daily bread, but oftimes, through the exercise of his power, to dictate his social, political and moral environment.

By thwarting the human passion for liberty and the solicitude of the husband and father for his own, modern industry had kindled a spirit in the dissatisfied millions that was deeper and sprung from a nobler impulse than physical needs and human selfishness.

The extent and depth of industrial unrest at that time could hardly be exaggerated. State and national convention of labor organizations, numbering many thousands of members, had cheered the names of leaders imprisoned for participating in a campaign of violence conducted as one phase of conflict with organized employers. Employers from coast to coast had created and maintained small private armies of armed men and had used these to intimidate and suppress their dissatisfied employees, by deporting, imprisoning, assaulting and killing. Elaborate spy systems such as the Pullman Company is now using, were maintained to discover and forestall anyone who would talk organization in most of the big industries.

For these reasons the 64th Congress recommended that the problems of Industrial Relation should occupy due prominence in the deliberation of that honorable body, and that the entire machinery of the Federal Government should be utilized to the greatest possible degree for the corrections of such deplorable conditions as were in existence at that time.

Congress had appointed the Commission on Industrial Relations in August, 1912, who were at work and of which the porters' and conductors' difficulties with the Pullman Company is a matter of record.

To thoroughly understand just what the conditions were, these Pullman peons, white and black, were laboring under, I refer you to the Final Report and Testimony submitted to Congress by the Commission on Industrial Relations, Vol. X.

COMMISSION ON INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

Frank P. Walsh, Chairman, Missouri; John B. Commins, Wisconsin; Tlorence J. Harriman, New York; Richard H. Aiston, Illinois; Harris Weinstock, California; S. Thurston Ballard, Kentucky; John B. Lennon, Illinois; James O'Connell, District of Columbia; Austin B. Garretson, Iowa.

Lewis K. Brown, Secretary; William O. Thompson, Counsel; Basil M. Manly, Director of Research and Investigation.

Extracts from Act of Congress of August 23, 1912, creating and defining the duties of the Commission on

(*Continued on page 306*)

Edito

Opinion of the leading

Professor W. S. Scarborough

One of America's leading scholars has passed. Dr. Scarborough was a noted linguist. He was distinguished for his authorship of a Greek grammar. His was chiefly the life of the scholar. We don't imagine that he will leave a fortune. Scholars and idealists seldom attain riches. The pursuit of knowledge seldom expresses itself in material possessions. Still the continuous extension of the boundaries of knowledge, the relief of social misery is largely in the hands of the scholars and the idealists. Here we use these terms in their broadest sense. The worth, permanence and achievement of Dr. Scarborough will loom larger as the years go on.

Though old in years, he was young in mind. We remember enjoying many a delightful hour chatting with him about the Liberation Movement among Negroes. Though a classicist of the Old School, he sensed the need for the New Learning which would arm the group with socio-economic, political knowledge with which to face the stark realities of the modern world. He was not a militant nor was he an apologist. On account of the intolerance of a caste prejudice, he never won the esteem his scholarship merited, be he, though dead, will live in the spirit, for all time, for he wrought more nobly than he knew.

Charles W. Elliot

Dr. Elliot was a noted educator of world eminence. Perhaps, more largely than any other American, he typified scholarship. One always thought of the "higher learning" when he thought of Dr. Elliot. In the domain of education, he was a liberal but in the field of social, economic and political questions, he was a reactionary. The walls of the library and the class room shut out from his view the great onward sweep of our modern industrial life. He had the old eighteenth century conception of freedom. Hence he never was able to appreciate the significance of the organized labor movement. But as an educator, he will ever be remembered and also for his attempt to popularize the "higher learning" through the "five-foot shelf."

Valentino

Here was one of the idols of America. He touched the hearts of the masses. He thrilled the tired and hopeless. In his romantic episodes, he lent a vicarious pleasure to the movie patrons and they loved him. His art, if such he has, rang the changes of the experiences of the common people. They saw what they hoped for and they admired him. Valentino's work to the great populace was a sort of escape mechanism. They heaved a sigh of relief when their hero rescued an outraged maiden from the clutches of dishonored fate. The masses love adventure and combat. It is a hang-over from our tribal days. Such is the cause of the great popularity of the movie star. Besides the newspapers and the movie barons made a veritable god of him because it was good business. It paid. Some other Valentino is being manufactured now. The demand is here, and we may depend upon the movie wizards to create the supply.

Many have wondered about the great love of the people for him. Some lamented the relatively little newspaper space given the death of the great educator, Dr. Chas. Elliot and the full pages given Valentino. How could a prince of letters be overshadowed by a mere vulgar movie merchant?

But this is not strange. It was not as profitable to advertise Elliot as it was Valentino. The former appealed to reason, the latter to feeling. The masses are more largely ruled by feeling. Hence, millions love Valentino while only thousands respect and honor Elliot. What is true of Valentino is true of all persons whose work and life are subject to the tricks of advertising and are within the reaches of the average man—Dempsey, now Tunney, Ederle, the first woman to swim the English Channel, and Babe Ruth, the home-run baseball king, are sufficiently dramatic and sensational as to catch the imagination of the public, and they become a source of profit to the press, the movies, baseball, etc.

Attempts are being made to build up a technique which will do for a politician what can be done for a prize fighter or movie star. Of course, the politician must have been known to have cut down trees at one time, to have a large family who is active in some Methodist church and who violently loves his mother. With this material the press can deify a politician in double-quick time. But with the scholar his life is too cold, drab and colorless.

Workers Education

A movement which does not rest upon education is not permanent. The members of a movement, in order to be constructively active, must know something about the cause and object of their struggle, something about the remedy for their ills. Unless oppressed groups have some glimpse and understanding of what their fight is all about, they can only be expected when driven to desperation from severe exploitation to give expression to sporadic, blind outcries for relief not justice or freedom. Such emotional outbursts most often endanger and set back the cause of liberation. This the workers are beginning to learn. Hence they have initiated a workers' education movement. Little schools dot

rials

colored American thinkers

the country here and there. Their aim is not to convert the worker into an intellectual in the usual acceptation of the term but to acquaint him with the forces that shape and determine his life and the extent to which he may hope to direct these forces to his advantage.

Brookwood Labor College, the Rand School of Social Science, the Boston Trade Union College, etc., are doing this work nobly. They are steadily breaking down the old capitalistic superstitions and dogmas that throttle and stifle the mind of the average worker.

The Negro workers too must enter the broad stream of the workers' education movement. They must not only drink at the fountain of the New Learning which will free them but theirs also is to make a contribution to this movement. They must inspire the cause with a new meaning and hope. They must "touch it with immortality."

To this end, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters has organized a committee of capable and distinguished teachers and leaders in the labor movement, to institute a class in workers' education.

Out of this work the new leaders of the workers must come forth, for the leadership which the workers of all groups need most is a leadership of knowledge, honesty and spirit. The workers should know the mechanism of the industry of which they are a part as well as the history and mission of their class. This information they cannot secure in the big colleges and universities; first, because they can't get there; second, because it isn't taught there. The true struggles of the working class will only be pictured in a working class institution.

Brookwood and the Rand School of Social Science have shown great interest in the movement to organize the Pullman porters. They are eager to help it. Let us not fail to avail ourselves of this aid.

The Month

The month has been full of interest. Many idols have fallen, many surprises sprung. This has been a month of the sensational "first time." The English Channel was swam for the first time by a woman, Miss Ederle. She thrilled the entire world. The British coal miners' strike is moving along a process of attrition, each trying to wear out the other. Germany assumes her seat in the Council in the League of Nations. Spain is side-tracked. Briand and Stressman hold friendly chats on Franco-German relations. The administration's candidates have met with repeated defeats in the senatorial primaries. The slush fund stink of the Pennsylvania and Illinois primaries has been perfumed by a conspiracy of silence. Many champions have been dethroned, among whom was the so-called "iron-man," Jack Dempsey, who avoided being knocked out long since by refusing to fight Harry Wills. It is also interesting to note that the great Tilden, Johnson and Helen Wills of tennis fame have taken their abode in the silent shadows of defeat.

Endorsers of the Brotherhood

The conference of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Convention of the Knights of Pythians of New York State, the Convention of the Nobles of the Mystic Shriners and Knight Templars, the Convention of Elks which met in Cleveland, the Lott Carey Baptist Convention, the National Federation of Colored Women's Clubs, the leaders of the National Urban League, the Federal Postal Employees and the Conference of Congregationalist Workers among Negroes, have gone on record endorsing the fight of the Pullman porters for a living wage. It is a remarkable achievement of racial unity among Negroes upon a great human principle. It truly marks a new era in the life of the race. No Negro leader who once opposed the Movement can be induced to announce that he still opposes it. Our former enemies are wont to appear as our present friends.

The Attraction of Fraud

Whenever a European has something which cannot be marketed among civilized people he comes to America. This is true of both white and colored. Among the whites we see Sir Oliver Lodge, Conan Doyle, Coue, Friedman with his turtle serum for tubercular people, and the prancing Prince of Wales. The Negroes too, have been be-deviled by princes more recently, not to mention the President of Africa and all the Negroes, who moved his office to Atlanta for the winter season, and will spend the summer there near the center of the Klan, where the Emperor of the blacks may be in frequent conference with the Emperor of the whites.

One does not always have to be a foreigner to exploit the semi-civilized white people in America, such as our teachers, office stenographers and, generally speaking, the white collar slaves. Ponzi, Bischoff, Thurman, and Koretz said they found the teachers their easiest pickings. A little while ago the *Hearst International,* after a painstaking investigation, found that the American public was duped to the tune of a billion dollars a year through the purchase of fraudulent, worthless stock. Most buyers of such stock would not buy anything valuable at all. They are the wise guys who yearn to get rich quick. They pay attention only to promises—very little to possibilities. As

(*Continued on page 308*)

Industrial Relations: (1) That a commission is hereby created to be called the Commission on Industrial Relations. Said Commission shall be composed of nine persons, to be appointed by the President of the United States by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, not less than three of whom shall be employers of labor and not less than three of whom shall be representatives of *organized* labor. (2) That the commission shall inquire into the general conditions of labor in the principal industries of the United States, including agriculture, and especially in those which are carried on in corporated forms; into existing relations between employer and employee; into the effect of industrial conditions on public welfare and into the rights and powers of the community to deal herewith; into the conditions of sanitation and safety of employees and the provisions for protecting the life, limb and health of the employees; into the growth of associations of employers and of wages earned and the effect of such associations upon the relation between employers and employees; into the extent and result of the method of collective bargaining; into any method which has been tried in any state or in foreign countries for maintaining mutual satisfactory relations between employee and employer; into methods for avoiding or adjusting labor disputes through peaceful and conciliatory mediation and negotiation; into the scope, methods and resources of existing bureau of labor and into possible ways of increasing their usefulness; into the question of smuggling or other illegal entry of Asiatic into the United States or its insular possessions; and of the method by which Asiatics have gained and are gaining such admission and shall report to Congress as speedily as possible, with such recommendations as said commission may think proper to prevent such smuggling and illegal entry. The commission shall seek to discover the underlying causes of dissatisfaction in the industrial situation and report its conclusions thereon.

I outline this commission for the purpose of emphasizing the importance of organization, from the viewpoint of those in authority to appoint the commission, organized labor was first considered, and it was to encourage labor to organize that thousands of these reports have been printed and circulated by the Federal Government, for it is the sole aim and purpose of Government to protect the masses against industrial absolution; to this end all workers should be organized. Under the present system of the Pullman Company the porters and maids are not supposed to ask anything more than a menial compensation for a day's service that is inhumanly long; he works until he is fairly tuckered out on the North Coast Limited from twenty to twenty-two a day, and of late, if he happens to fall asleep during the day or during the night while he is on watch he is taken off his run or put on a tourist car. This is justice to the unorganized porter, while on the same car the organized conductor gets six hours sleep every night and is not penalized if he happens to nod in the day. Bear in mind, these same conductors were treated with the same consideration before they were organized.

The porters are not supposed to ask for any more than enough to support their families, while with the officials the amount of labor furnishes no criterion for the amount they receive.

This is accepted as all right if they do not work at all, and accepted as all right that they get as much money as they can; in fact, they are given credit for getting the greatest amount of money with the least amount of work, and those things that are being accepted by the porters in particular and the race in general as the things that govern in every-day life, and as being right, have brought about the present condition, this being in my judgment absolutely unfair; that is, on the merits of the proposition in dealing with the workers.

The porters feel this, some consciously and some unconsciously, but all of them feel it, and it is responsible for present unrest among them. There can be no peace while this condition exists.

I closed the last article with the opening of the convention of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters' Protective Union, which was held in Chicago, October 25, 1919, at 3140 Indiana Avenue. I had been notified by mail on October 11, 1919, by the general secretary, B. W. Merribether, and A. S. Barnett, chairman of the Board of Directors, both of Chicago. This notice stated that it was very necessary for me to be present. I was advised by Mr. Merribether to apply to the district superintendent for transportation. He stated that the Pullman Company preferred having the men work to Chicago, but as I was entitled to transportation, I could get the same on request. I made the request of the Mr. F. R. Neat, who was superintendent at that time, and it was granted without hesitation.

Arriving in Chicago on the morning of October 25, 1919, and much to my surprise, I found a beautifully furnished office at the above mentioned address, that had every appearance of business.

The Board of Directors held their first meeting on the day of our arrival, October, 25. Those present were: E. W. Stokein, president, New York; W. David Williams, first vice-president, New York; W. M. Marshall, treasurer, Chicago; E. F. Effort, sergeant at arms, New York; H. R. Taylor, assistant secretary, Chicago; J. A. Smith, assistant secretary, New York; A. S. Barnett, chairman of the Board of Directors, Chicago; R. Steadman, vice-chairman, Board of Directors, New York; T. D. Freeman, chaplain, New York; Judge William Harrison, counsel-in-chief, Chicago; C. H. Taylor, manager, publicity department, Chicago; J. C. Canegata, recording secretary, New York; B. W. Merriwether, general secretary, Chicago; G. T. Pelkey, of Chicago; D. G. Emery, of Kansas City, D. M. Lindsey, of St. Louis; A. W. Jordan and F. Boyd, of St. Paul. These are all that I can remember just now.

This was a very important meeting and was considered the most advanced step taken to improve the economic welfare of our group up to that time. This session was spent in getting the general routine of business in order for the convention, Monday, October 27, 1919. The New York men were very aggressive and because of their former experience in economical and industrial activities had a clearer understanding of our needs and the logical methods to employ to be successful to that end.

Monday, October 27, 1919 (first session)—Those present, in addition to those mentioned in a preceding paragraph, were: C. H. Gray, Oklahoma City, Okla.; S. F. Taylor, San Francisco; I. Dixon, Kansas City, Mo.; J. W. Stanley and A. A. Jones, Portland, Ore.; E. M. Scott, Seattle, Wash., and many others, some of whom have left the service.

We labored earnestly for six days trying to formulate an economic program that would guarantee a reasonable degree of protection and security, at the end of which some of us were disgusted with the whole affair. A good opportunity lost, as one of the brothers who had been a union coal miner before he entered the Pullman service characterized the affair.

The basic and fundamental reasons for labor organization are not in the by-laws and there was so much opposition, because of the lack of knowledge along economic and industrial lines, plus the fear that our program would be couched in terms of demands, and not suggestion or requests by some of those who exercised the preponderance of influence in the convention, that our constitution was more of a benevolent than a labor organization. One of the many mistakes that was made and directly responsible for the failure of the union, was the employment of the officers of the union as petty officials of the company, such as porter instructors, welfare workers and yard inspectors.

This piece of conspiracy gave the company absolute control to the union, and was the act toward its desolution by August, 1920. These under-officials were in most of the large districts where union sentiments were the strongest. The effect was soon noticeable in the outspoken manner in which they would denounce organized labor. The Brotherhood also established a magazine

(*Continued on page* 319)

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

Aframerican Tables No. 8

Sarah Snow—aged twenty-two, but looking much younger—was a domestic. She hated the work but there was nothing else for her to do. It was only a part-time job in the apartment of a notoriously wealthy and amorous old bachelor located in the late fifties of Manhattan.

Every morning she boarded the Seventh Avenue local at the 135th Street Subway Station promptly at nine o'clock and in a very few minutes was at her work. This work consisted of cleaning up the apartment. There were trays of perfumed cigarette butts, empty liquor bottles, forgotten lingerie and hairpins to gather up and dispose of. Then, when the place was all spick and span for the next evening's party, there were fresh supplies of ginger ale, lemons, ice and powdered sugar to purchase. The gentleman for whom she worked was known as a "gay dog." Every morning brought several perfumed envelopes to his dressing table which groaned under the weight of a profusion of autographed likenesses of fair damsels.

Sarah was rather fair herself—speaking of pulchritude, not of pigment. She was tall, well formed, chocolate in color, spoke correctly and walked with the hauteur of an aristocrat, or—as Negro men are wont to say by way of compliment—like a white woman. She was a New Yorker, that is to say, she had come to New York from Alabama about two years previously. Being an ultra-modern Negro girl, her hair was always carefully and rigidly straightened. Her color was the only thing that grieved her, otherwise she *knew* she had everything. Heroically had she swallowed arsenic tablets and used every other known (and unknown) means of lightening her skin, but after two years of earnest application she had only attained a facial hue two shades lighter than her upper arms.

Still, she was much too dark to have hopes of marrying a professional man (the class from which emanates most of Aframerica's "race consciousness"), or of getting on the Negro stage as a chorus girl (a Negro chorus girl must, of course, be white). And not being a stenographer or hairdresser, there was nothing but hard work on her horizon, with, perhaps, some occasional monetary assistance from a sable boy friend.

Her pay was only twelve dollars a week and out of that munificent stipend she had to meet the exactions of the landlord, her hair straightener, the installment house on 125th Street, and to occasionally purchase expensive and dainty lingerie from the neighborhood "hot stuff" man. Like most Harlemites she managed to maintain the appearance of affluence, but like most Harlemites her appearance was decidedly deceiving. In Harlem one must, as Garland Anderson so stoutly maintained (by the way; where is Br'er Anderson?) "Judge not according to appearances."

Thus behind Sarah's pleasant exterior lurked the constant desire for more "sugar." She needed, she bitterly conceded, everything; and she had, she as bitterly admitted, nothing. She longed for the luxury of the five-room apartment, a neat runabout, expensive gowns, late rising and retiring, and the nightly glamour of underground cabarets where practically nude mulattoes danced obscenely amid clouds of tobacco smoke to the tom-tom and wail of jazz orchestras. Above all, she wanted a fat account in the Chelsea Bank so she could "high hat" some of the "dickties" who were now "ritzing" her.

She was thinking of these things for the umpsteenth time one morning while busily engaged about her work when Mr. Morrison, the bachelor, returned from his morning constitutional. With unusual cordiality he bade her good morning, and placing his hat and stick away, proceeded to mix himself a drink. Turning to Sarah, he politely offered her one. She was too well bred to refuse. He gazed at her appraisingly over the rim of his glass before downing the Scotch. He replenished his glass and offered to do the same for her. She accepted without reluctance. One didn't get good Scotch every day, and she had heretofore been unable to sample Mr. Morrison's because he kept it locked up. As she downed the second drink and felt the warm glow suffuse her being, she glanced up to see the white man staring at her. It was plain that he had something he wanted to say. Edging closer, he said it.

He liked her a lot, he began, and wanted to help her. She was a nice girl; just his sort. It pained him to see her working so hard to make a living. Would it not be better, he continued, to have her own apartment on St. Nicholas Avenue, to rise at eleven in the morning, enjoy the luxury of a leisurely morning tub, a spin in her own car and a shopping tour on Fifth Avenue? Was she immune to the attractions of a corpulent bank account? He was getting elderly, he concluded, and wouldn't be too exacting. Would she agree to be his "friend?"

Sarah's eyes flashed and a great fury shook her. The idea of this white man making such a proposal! Be a concubine? The thought was revolting! These white men all figured every Negro women was easy prey. Well, she concluded grimly to herself, here was one Negro woman with race pride; one Negro woman who wouldn't betray her race; one Negro woman who wouldn't sacrifice her soul and honor on "the altar of Mammon!

So, drawing herself haughtily to her full height, she replied severely: "No, Mr. Morrison! I'm one colored girl that can't be bought. When I want a man I'll get one of my own race. I may be nothing but a poor maid but I'll not be your woman!"

Note: Ananias just turned over in his grave with a heavy groan.

Literary Note

It is reported that in the very near future a great public debate will be held in Harlem between Carl Van Vechten and David Belasco. They are to debate on which one is most entitled to be known as the Santa Claus of Black Harlem, a community sometimes described as the Mecca of the New Negro but lately called "Nigger Heaven." Several landlords and installment collectors will act as judges. Both contestants are well known for their contributions to the Fund for the Relief of Starving Negro Intelligentsia and for their frequent explorations of the underground life north of 125th Street.

Plain-clothes men will be stationed at the entrance to the hall where the debate is held to search all Negro literati and members of the Lulu Belle Company for deadly weapons as they enter. The civil authorities are determined that there shall be no strife or bloodshed between the two rival groups who are belligerently backing their respective benfactors.

Unnecessary Negroes

After considerable thought devoted to the subject, I am of the opinion that the Negro group could quite likely struggle along without the following folks:

1. The people who think that in order to be "good," hair must be straight.

2. The bozos who choose their wives or husbands because of light color.

3. The race conscious Negroes who spend huge sums on skin whiteners.

4. The yaps who glory in parading up and down the street in resplendant uniforms and dote on signs and hand grips.

5. The morons who keep their player pianos going until four o'clock in the morning.

6. The "men" with soprano voices, goo-goo eyes and the mannerisms of coy maidens, who deprive many damsels of their livelihood.

7. The "women" with baritone voices, masculine stride and more masculine attire who are the despair of husbands and lovers.

8. The pompous Negroes who, having accumulated a few thousand dollars act as though they possessed the wealth of a Ford or a Morgan.

But, after all, the disappearance of

this group would very likely mean the disappearance of most of the Aframericans.

Dialogue 1950 A. D.

Scene: A palatial real estate office on Polar Bear Avenue, the North Pole. A group of bustling realtors enter and take seats around a polished table. The Chairman raps for order. The thermometer outside is registering 30 degrees below zero.

Chairman: Now, gentlemen, we've got to hurry and put this property owners' agreement into operation on the new Iceberg Addition. One nigger family has already bought a house from that old English woman on Icicle Avenue, and if we don't work fast a whole lot more of them will be moving in there and depreciating the value of our property.

A member: Yes, you're right. I knew this would happen when the Seal and Bear Meat Company broke that strike last year by importing niggers from Chicago and Detroit.

Another member: Well, we got to have contented labor and they've got to have somewhere to live (they all glare at him belligerently, and one Southerner mumbles "nigger lover") but there is no doubt that the more objectionable ones will kill the Iceberg Addition as an exclusive residential section. I wonder if we couldn't dope out some way to admit the better type?

The Southern Member: They ain't no better type. All niggers is alike, and I'm tellin' yuh now that if yuh weaken you'll have a whole grist o' niggers in there. We've segregated them everywhere else in the world, so why should we stop at this place? I was born in the South and I know the nigger. My old mammy was as white as anybody, inside; and I've known lots of niggers almost as intelligent as white folks. But this is a business proposition and if yuh wanta get ahead yuh gotta keep these niggers in their place. If yo'all follow my advice you'll get that nigger family that's already in there to move out in a hurry. . . . I move that we sign the agreement.

Chairman: You have heard the motion, gentlemen. Do I hear a second?

A member: I second the motion.

Chairman: Gentlemen, it has been moved and seconded that we sign this agreement to bar niggers from the Iceberg Addition by refusing to sell or rent to them. Are you ready for the question?

A member: Question.

Chairman: All those in favor of signing the agreement please say "I."

Unanimous Chorus: I!

Chairman: Contrary? . . . Carried.

The members shake hands across the table.

The Monthly Award

After reading the following delectable item, sent to Negro newspapers by the estimable Associated Negro Press, I hurriedly negotiated a loan from a big Negro gambler and number banker in Harlem (a highly respected fellow, well known as the patron of a Negro magazine addicted to literary contests). With this sum I purchased a cut-glass thundermug for each of the fraternal gentlemen and the correspondent of "The State." The thundermugs, each wrapped in a bright red bandana handkerchief, will be shipped at once:

ODD FELLOWS SALUTE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT

Associated Negro Press.

Columbia, S. C., Aug. 19—A Correspondent of the "State" of this city has written of the recent convention of Colored Odd Fellows, where from 600 to 1,200 were present, commenting on the fact that when the fraternal parade passed the Confederate monument in Abbeville, "every sword went up in salute to the soldiers in gray who died for their country."

The correspondent notes the incident for the benefit of "any of our Northern friends in our midst who have been inclined at times to imagine that the relations of the races 'down South' are not cordial."

Why Did You Try

SELECTED

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it.
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it.

You are beaten to the earth. Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face,
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there, that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce,
Be proud of your blackened eye
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts.
It's how did you fight, and why.

And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could.
If you played your part in the world of men,
Even the critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl and comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts;
But only why did you try?

"To Lift or to Lean"

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

There are two kinds of people on earth today,
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say,
Not the saint and the sinner, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad and the bad are half good;
Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health:
Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.
Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter, and each man his tears.
No! the two kinds of people on earth that I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.
Where'er you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes;
And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.
In what class are you? Are you easing the load
Of over-taxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

In which class are you, Mr. Pullman Porter? If you are a Brotherhood Man, you are a lifter, if not, a leaner.—Editor's Note.

Nightfall

Nightfall—the finale which we dread,
When life must ease its pain;
In tranquil meed for empty dreams,
Borne far out beyond the pale.
Swift though the pace of night's fast flying steed,
But silent and motionless its carrier—
When out from the tide of daylight and deed,
Basked in deep slumber—at nightfall we speed.

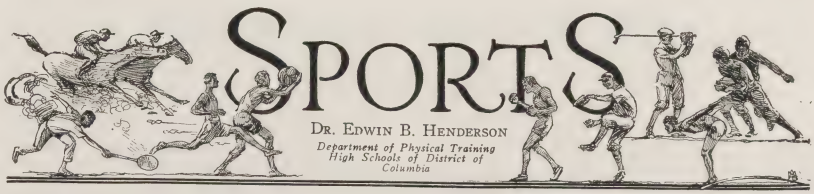
WM. J. ROMES.

Editorials

(*Continued from page* 305)

a result, anyone who comes along and promises a fortune can sell without having the goods to deliver. For instance, the New York Legislative Committee studying the exploitation of immigrants reported how one fakir sold two Italian boot-blacks the Pennsylvania Station in New York for $500.00. He told them the station was right over there, to go get it, and gave them receipts for their money. Another fakir sold two immigrants the Brooklyn Bridge, and told them they might make their profit by charging toll of every automobile and person who crossed. These fellow white purchasers were not much worse than the few thousand Negroes to whom Marcus Garvey sold Africa, of which he owned about as much as the fakirs who sold the Pennsylvania Station and the Brooklyn Bridge.

But we believe it is a book called the Bible which says: *"A fool and his money soon part."*



DR. EDWIN B. HENDERSON
Department of Physical Training
High Schools of District of Columbia

"Trudie," the Swimmer

In prosperous days events of lighter vein win the attention of the populace. Trudie Ederle landed in New York to meet ovations rivalling the return of Pershing of our day and a Caesar of yore. It is a healthy sign. A singing and a playing nation suits the rulers better than a thinking and praying people. Great Britain sport writers did not seem to relish Americanizing the channel; claimed too much pampering was accorded Ederle. Good sport makes friends. Ederle of German descent earned the plaudits of Frenchmen, Englishmen and Americans. The Deutsche butcher shop in New York run by Herr Ederle has been a Mecca for sight-seeing sportsmen. Our group has many natatorial experts. Let us do swimming where publicity can make for comments in this field on our ability. Clarence Pendleton of Baltimore with a friend recently swam 15 miles from Baltimore to Brown's Grove. Maybe an Afro-American will negotiate the turbulent English Channel, a more elaborate feat than Leander and Lord Byron swimming the Hellespont.

Philadelphia Owes Wills

The Sesqui management should certainly hand Wills or Paddy Mullins a bonus for their share in making Philadelphia the host to the best advertised prize-fight of the century. You certainly must hand it to the License Committee of New York for sticking to their guns. They lost to New York the fight and a big sum of money but they maintained New York's reputation for being a most tolerant cosmopolitan city and for having the fairest sporting fraternity in this country. A few more men like Col. Phelan and Jim Farley standing against a fickle popular demand when fair play dictates an unpopular course would make money-blinded shysters like Tex Rickard and Dempsey have a hard lot. Colored people were hoping Tunney would K. O. Dempsey but since the over-estimated Marine has come out with a statement drawing a tight color line, win or lose, there are some who now wish to see Dempsey flatten out the pride of Montezuma. With Big Bill Tate and several colored sparring partners, Dempsey has plenty of color about him. It is true that Wills and Paddy showed a rare lapse of judgment when they failed to adjust their contract to take on Tunney and rob champion Jack of a bout with the Marine, but that illy excuses the latter for drawing the color-line. It's too bad the big sporting public cannot force managements to give them the fight they want. If a real elimination heavyweight tournament were held, Harry Wills, Tate, Dempsey, and Tunney would wind up in the order stated.

Suggs Steps Back

Chick Suggs met a tartar in Bushey Graham but the swarthy Boston lad is far from thru. All champions have connected with lusty swings on their way up the ladder and many have seen visions and not heard the count of ten. Flowers had his, Wills and Dempsey have had theirs. Suggs will come back for a chance at the bantam title later.

Saitch Wins Tennis Championship

Eyre Saitch of New York City took over the 1926 tennis crown in St. Louis at the National Championships. Beaten by his victim in the East, Saitch successfully dethroned Ted in the West. Tennis champions last long at the top. Confidence, the psychic value of being a champion, and realization of the need of practice and condition keep them there. Champions in most games play to form. A ten-second man runs all of his century races as near that time as possible. Most excellent players perform with dubs just as though they were champs to avoid forming careless, slouchy habits. Young players like Ted have yet to learn the lessons of condition and playing always in form. For a second year the writer-player Brown has failed to lift the honors. Tally Holmes, erstwhile champion stayed East. Veteran Johnny Wilkinson, the grand old man in the game, set youthful champion Ted back a notch by eliminating him in the semi-finals but was himself beaten by Saitch. Not less exciting nor less interesting were the other events and matches of the week. The lady from Chicago wrested the singles in her sex from last year's winner, Miss Ballard of Philadelphia. Isadore Channels proved a sensational champion. St. Louis raised the National tournament a notch higher. Next year at Hampton a bigger event is prophesied. Putting this creditable sport undertaking in Dixie occasionally will be a wonderful stimulus to the advancement of our mass group. True travelling and handicaps of prejudiced southern communities will deter a few who would go, but the social benefits and inspiration afforded by placing this sort of enterprise in the South outweigh the handicaps. A tournament at Atlanta, Tuskogee, or Nashville should come soon.

Football

As encouraging as any feature in educational growth, is the rapidly developing appreciation of athletics and physical education. As an example, the young president of Alabama State Normal, H. Council Trenholm, has made efforts to secure the best possible coaching staff for his athletes. "Jazz" Byrd has been engaged in Florida to show the way to college boys there. Charles Drew, late captain of Amherst's track team and premier football star will become teacher to the athletes of Morgan College. So by degrees the older mentors will find the weaker teams on their schedules more formidable.

The Tuskegee-Lincoln Intersectional tilt will take place on Franklin field on October 29th instead of on the Sesqui grounds. This is where the University of Pennsylvania teams meet defeats and victories. People who go to the school game may double up with a visit to the sesquicentennial exhibit. Dr. Alexander deserves great credit for his part in building up football in late years. At the same time that he was worthily engaged as a representative of people of New Jersey in the political game and a servant of the National Medical Association as secretary and president, he found time to lend the influence of his position not only for the uplift of his Alma Mater but for the development of our young manhood the American way.

When this is read the various football teams will be well on the way towards rounding into playing form. New ideas and new systems which have been soaking in, and driven into nerve cells muscle brawn will soon get a chance to find expression in gridiron struggles. Only one rule has been changed sufficiently to modify play of this year. A five-yard penalty for forward passes after the first in a series of four downs that have been made incomplete is expected to curtail the willy-nilly hurling of the ball about the field. Nearly a half-thousand football players have been at practice this fall and that many high school athletes in our racial group have been kicking the ovate pigskin around. Let us hope accidents will be few and the lessons of the game will develop a more potent racial group.

Limerick

There was a porter named Fuze,
Who was always behind with his dues,
  He fell on the track,
  And broke his back,
  His food had been slack—
Since it's bad business in passing the hat.

Moral: Join the Brotherhood, pay your dues and get a living wage.

THE P. P. B. A. ELECTION

By ASHLEY L. TOTTEN
Ex-Chairman Local Lodge No. 5

The preceding article on the P. P. B. A. serves as a guide to the members in the coming primary and final elections October 1st to 7th and 15th to 21st, inclusive.

It matters little who is elected as Local Chairman, Vice-Chairman, Secretary, and Treasurer, but it is imperative that care should be taken in the election of a DELEGATE.

No Local should be represented by a PULLMAN PORTER INSTRUCTOR, WELFARE WORKER, EMPLOYMENT AGENT, or any other Negro petty official of the Pullman Company.

The previous annual conventions were always made up of a majority of self-seeking, calamity-howling, underhand, political tricksters and schemers. The few men with principle, a little less than ten per cent of them, are known to the members in their respective districts. These will render good service if they go there and find others who, like themselves, are not concerned about the welfare of Perry Parker, but, who are concerned about the welfare of all Negro Pullman Porters.

A convention free of such weaklings as Botts of San Francisco, Boggs and Brown of Chicago, Bannister of Philadelphia, Brown of Pennsylvania Terminal, Bass of Texas, Estell of Omaha, Frierson of Denver, Henderson of Boston, Hill of Cincinnati, Harris of Kansas City, Jobes of Pittsburgh, Jones of Jacksonville, Jordan of St. Paul, Oxley of Boston, Robinson of Minneapolis, Robinson of Portland, Smith of St. Louis, Pope of Nashville, and a host of others who attended the conventions on previous occasions, will mean that the members of the P. P. B. A. are at last awake to the fact that they no longer intend to defray the expenses of a political campaign of job hunters.

The writer warns the members of the P. P. B. A., especially in the lynch-ridden South, not to be tricked into voting for their ENEMIES as delegates to the convention this year. A confidential letter sent to the writer by any member which shows that Pullman officials in any district interfered with the rights and freedom of the men to vote as they deem fit will be used to great advantage at the opportune time.

Perry Parker Seeks Re-Election

Perry Parker is a good and faithful servant for the Pullman Company. He is best qualified to fill his present rating as a Negro official. A white official once remarked as he was seen passing through the Pullman Building in Chicago, "There goes a good old nigger." Hence it is that Perry Parker does not represent the aims and aspirations of the New Negro; as a matter of fact he does not represent the race at all.

In the convention of 1924, the writer had a fair opportunity to study Perry Parker's clever scheme to keep the twelve thousand members of his own race and their respective families in economic bondage. Part of his speech appears in the minutes of the said convention and reads as follows:

> "For the benefit of those present and to illustrate the number of homes owned by porters throughout the country, I am going to call upon some of the delegates to answer these questions.
>
> Parker—Q. Mr. Coffin, how many porters have you in your district?
>
> Coffin of Los Angeles—A. 230.
>
> Parker—Q. How many own their own homes? A. 194.
>
> Parker—Q. Mr. Harris, how many porters have you in Kansas City?
>
> Harris—Porter Instructor—A. 352.
>
> Parker—Q. How many own their own homes? A. 200.
>
> Parker—Q. Mr. Frierson, how many members have you in Denver? A. 185.
>
> Parker—Q. How many homes do they own? A. 112.

Hill of Cincinnati reported that forty per cent of the men in his district owned their own homes. W. P. Smith, Porter Instructor at St. Louis said that sixty per cent owned homes there, and Oxley of Boston reported thirty per cent in his district.

Here is the great race-loving, Christ-like Perry Parker, the man who says he does everything for his race with the "fullness of his heart" deliberately trying to prove to at least two thousand persons that Pullman porters earn so much money that they can afford to purchase homes and live in luxury.

This is one of the many damaging, wicked, and underhand tricks of Perry Parker to keep in the good graces of the Pullman management, and there ought to be enough manhood in the P. P. B. A. delegates to remove him from the office as grand chairman.

Elect a man of principle who is a Pullman porter.

Elect a man who is TRUSTWORTHY, and one who is prepared to tell the public that it is the wives of the Pullman porters who toiled hard to help their husbands buy homes.

Elect a man who is capable of operating the P. P. B. A. as an independent Negro organization, free from the dictates of the Pullman Company.

Coffin of Los Angeles Seeks Re-Election

Next to Perry Parker is Coffin of Los Angeles, another petty official of the Pullman Company. Having succeeded in getting himself a job plus traveling expenses paid out of the P. P. B. A. funds (perhaps and perhaps not) this official might step down so that an intelligent Pullman porter may take his place.

Crenshaw of St. Louis Seeks Re-Election

Tow Crenshaw, one of the first officers of the Association and at present a member of the Board of Directors, has been duly rewarded by the Pullman Company. He is the Negro Welfare Worker at St. Louis and Burr's pet. There need not be any desire on his part to rise any higher. He comes up for re-election, and his place should be filled by an intelligent Pullman porter.

Duncan—Grand Treasurer—Seeks Re-Election

The writer could not with fairness criticize Mr. Duncan's ability as Grand Treasurer. It is possible that he is capable of doing his work so far as he is permitted to do it. There is a doubt, however, whether Duncan is qualified intellectually to fill the office of a Grand Treasurer, if the clerical end of his work had to be done by him.

Freeman Seeks Re-Election

Of Samuel J. Freeman, Welfare Worker of New York City, the writer has much to say.

When the P. P. B. A. was introduced to the porters in February, 1921, Freeman, the National President of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters Union, at the time, bitterly denounced it. Shortly after, he became a member and was elected delegate to the convention because he promised to expose what he termed "an outlaw organization." But when Freeman returned, he told a different story, and his sudden change from a UNION LEADER to a friend of the capitalist was seen at a glance.

Freeman became an ardent worker for the P. P. B. A. According to W. H. DesVerney, now Assistant General Organizer of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and who was a member of the Board of Directors at the time, Freeman suggested that he (DesVerney) should run for Perry Parker's position as Grand Chairman, in view of the fact that plans were being made by members of the Chicago Northwestern district to oust him.

"If you will support me for your office as Director," says Freeman, "I will boost you for Grand Chairman."

Freeman went to Chicago and managed to get permission to address the convention through the clever parliamentary tactics of R. O. Thibov, the delegate at the time. But when Freeman found out that he could not cleverly remove Parker, it is said he double-crossed Des Verney and was elected that year as Director. As soon as Freeman became Director, the Pullman Company made him Welfare Worker of New York district.

On one occasion when the late Superintendent F. A. Cooke referred to the writer as a rattle brained radical and a dangerous agitator, I remarked that it was strange I could not get the respect of the Pullman Company just the same as Freeman, the Welfare Worker, whose bitter attacks and denunciations of the Pullman Company are still a matter of record. Superintendent Cooke replied that there is such a thing as a man reforming himself.

Freeman is not regarded with much bitterness by all the porters in the East, but he is considered a traitor to his race.

He comes up for re-election this year, and since his removal will not injure him in his present position, it would be best to elect a Pullman porter in his stead on the Board of Directors.

Ike Smith Seeks Re-Election

Ike Smith, an Employment Agent in Chicago and another Pullman petty official makes the total of three on the Board of Directors whose term expires this year.

The members of the P. P. B. A. have a fine chance through their respective delegates to remove these Negro petty officials of the Pullman Company and replace them with Pullman porters. When every member of the Board of Directors is a Pullman porter, then the P. P. B. A. will be closer to its name, viz., an Association for the benefit of Pullman porters.

P. P. B. A. Saves Money for Pullman Company

When T. R. Webb, Comptroller, planned the P. P. B. A. proposition, he made himself solid with the Pullman Company by pointing out the most attractive point of interest; namely, its economic value.

Several porters testify that the Pullman Company used to pay a half-month's wages whenever a porter or maid took sick, but as soon as the Webb idea was forced upon them, this compensation was stopped.

Quite recently Porter Wadkins of New York district, a quiet and modest old man with a record of twenty-five years to his credit, was ordered to remain on his car when Train No. 78 arrived at the Grand Central Terminal. With insufficient time to 'phone his relatives, Wadkins' train was deadheaded to Buffalo, N. Y., and from thence to Cleveland, Ohio. Cleveland district sent him in service to Florida, from whence he was ordered to take a load of soldiers to Texas. He was then assigned to a car en route to New York, but took suddenly ill and was removed to Atlanta, Ga., in the Pullman porters' quarters there. It is said that he remained there three weeks waddling in filth. He writhed in agony and pleaded for the proper care in a hospital or preferably to be sent home to his family. His relatives in New York, it is alleged, made inquiries at the Pullman office and learned that he was in Mercy Hospital which is a white institution said to have ceased operations over two and a half years ago. Wadkins finally died, and his body received immediate attention from this wonderful fraternal organization, the P. P. B. A. of A. of which he was a member.

Friends and foes alike join the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters in its opinion that the Pullman Porters Benefit Association should be entirely free from the CONTROL and DOMINATION of the Pullman Company.

With the Association under the CONTROL of the porters every man who is not a member would join immediately. It is evident that the Pullman Company will fight against any attempt to remove the P. P. B. A. from under their CONTROL. It is generally known that T. R. Webb will fight hard on the side of the Pullman Company. Perhaps the fight might be the means of a reconciliation between Parker and Webb and heal the wounds inflicted in the alleged struggle for supremacy. It might even straighten out the alleged bitterness between Hungerford, the Vice-President of the Pullman Company, and Cummins the Treasurer.

But whatever is accomplished will be dependent wholly on the wisdom of the nine thousand members of the P. P. B. A. of A. in selecting quietly from among themselves a real man as the delegate from each district and see that he is elected whether the Pullman Company or any of its Negro pets like it or not.

Knights of Pythias, Eastern and Western Hemispheres, Succeed in Financing Own Temple Project

The novel financing scheme concerning the Pythian Headquarters Building (Ruggles Building, corner of Ruggles and Washington Streets, Boston, Mass.) of the Knights of Pythias, Eastern and Western Hemispheres, has been accomplished.

This property was purchased June 1, 1921, at a cost of $210,000, the two original owners taking back a second mortgage of $85,000; each owning $42,500 of same. On June 1, 1926 (5 years from date of purchase), the first and second mortgages had been reduced by $58,000. The second mortgage, owned jointly by the two men holding $42,500 each, had been reduced to $22,500 each. From the beginning, stock had been sold at $5.00 per share to the members of the Fraternity (all Common Stock.)

On May 26, 1926, the idea was conceived of the Supreme Lodge buying the remainder of half of the second mortgage ($22,500) and selling same, bearing 6 per cent interest, to the members of the Fraternity in such proportions as the members desired to purchase. On the 13th day of September, 1926, the entire amount of $22,500 had been paid in, notes issued and all transactions were consummated by Thos. G. Schuyler, Chairman of the Trustee Board, and Geo. E. Gordon, Sup. Keeper of Records and Seal.

This is believed to be the first instance of a fraternal organization giving its own members the opportunity to buy stock and own mortgage notes on the one piece of property, thereby making the entire proposition financially secure.

The Knights of Pythias, Eastern and Western Hemispheres, was organized January 22, 1889. Its manner of conducting its affairs, keeping inviolate every promise to its members, thereby holding their loyalty and confidence, has been evidenced in the unhesitating response in this instance. W. Ashbie Hawkins, of Baltimore, Md., is serving his 11th biennial term as Supreme Chancellor.

Love in Midsummer

Ah love
Is like a throbbing wind,
A lullaby all crooning,
Ah love
Is like a summer sea's soft breast.
Ah love's
A sobbing violin
That naive night is tuning,
Ah love
Is down from off the white moon's nest.

Helene Johnson.

BOOK REVIEWS

POETRY BY AMERICAN NEGROES, By Newman Ivey White and Walter Clinton Jackson. Duke University Press, Durham N. C. Price $2.00.

Pre-"Renaissance" Poetry

Afflicted with a predisposition toward skepticism and a somewhat morbid view of life, I habitually say "no" when from the Tomb the Doleful Sound when the preference of the gang says "yes" and invariably feel in the mood for Hark the church is Halleluiah. 'Tis Done. Thus exposed as a chronic nay-sayer, pessimist and joy-killer, I will not astonish nor even disturb anybody when I announce that I take no pleasure in the current jubilee in celebration of the "Renaissance" of Negro culture—that is, in so far as the "Renaissance" applies to the Aframerican.

I lead off with the cardinal heresy of denying that the spirituals are triumphs of art. I further depose and declare that I am aware of no Aframerican musician of the first order, barring a concert singer or two; that I do not concede the Aframerican any pronounced racial talent for dramatic or histrionic art; that not one of the expensive churches Negroes are building or buying indicates that the preacher has taste enough to prevent an architect or a passel of Jews from selling him a granite barn; that in the whole roster of colored prose writers under forty years old there are only two producing work which can be called literature without insulting the term: George S. Schuyler is a genuine humorist and Jean Toomer is the only story teller able to create a striking and original character; "promising" is the best you can say about the rest of the lot, and most of them are not promising very much. In fact, to make it snappy, the celebrazione of chocolate culture is 99 44-100 per cent pale pink whoofle dust.

The only thing that saves the hullabaloo from being entirely bogus is the solid and stable work of a platoon of poets. With Langston Hughes at their head, or, if you prefer, Countee Cullen or Georgia Douglas Johnson, such full throated singers as Claude McKaye, Arna Bontemps, Wallace Thurman, Gwendolyn Bennett, Helene Johnson and at least half a dozen more are producing poetry every whit as lyrical and mature and as critical of life as the work of their white contemporaries from Edgar Lee Masters on down.

You certainly can't match this band of competent poets with any group of prose writers of anything like equal ability. The reason is obvious. It is because Negro life furnishes the poets with an adequate cultural and technical background while denying the prose writers a similar advantage. Maturity of spiritual expression is a social as well as an individual development. A people lays the foundation of its literature by breeding illiterate rhymsters and story tellers who recite their sagas for the entertainment of the customers of taverns, country stores and barber shops or for the diversion of their fellow workers in the cotton fields. The pat sayings of these obscure bards are absorbed in the general speech while their imagery is picked up by the populace and woven in the texture of command thought. In this way a body of idiomatic ideas is built up and language is enlarged for the freer expression of feeling. Next writers appear and begin to evolve a rudimentary technique. It is only after this pioneer work has been done that a people can begin to produce effective artists; for even if a prodigy appears before that time he will merely dissipate his energies creating his material and devising means to present it to the best advantage, with no time nor strength left to refine it toward perfection.

The development of poetry and the progress of prose do not proceed along together with an even pace. Poetry is essentially the expression of emotion while prose is essentially a medium for the expression of ideas. Since in the common relations of life, love, anger, sadness, pity and the desire for revenge are feelings everybody experiences daily while only a few people either possess the ability or meet the necessity for sustained thinking it is inevitable that words and phrases packed with emotional meaning should multiply faster than terms invented to convey ideas. Thus the poet finds both the language and the habits of thought of a people prepared for him much earlier than the writer who wants to express himself in prose. In the case of American Negroes universal oppression has kept the entire race in a constant fever of emotion, but only two men, Booker Washington and Dr. Du Bois, have contributed any original or effective thought to the problems of the race; and perhaps you can add Fred Douglas. As for cultural ideas which grow out of a refined way of living the race has produced none at all, simply because there has been no refined way of living. With a background so saturated with feeling and so barren of ideas and refinement it is not at all surprising that we have swarms of respectable poets while we have not yet produced six fiction writers capable of consistently writing up to the standard of Snappy Stories.

A refreshing and instructive book on the subject of Aframerican poetry is Poetry by American Negroes, an anthology compiled by Professor Newman Ivey White and Professor Walter Clinton Jackson, of Trinity College and the North Carolina College for Women, respectively. I take it for granted that both professors are southerners and up to the time of the appearance of their book eligible for membership in the Ku Klux Klan. Still, both the compassionate patronizing of the old line Southerner and the sickening cant and kudos of the current Stallingses and Van Vechtens are agreeably absent from their book. The authors neither profess a profound love for Negro poesy because they had black wet nurses nor intimate that because Claude McKay is capable of weaving an intricate rhyme scheme he is peer to Dante Alighieri and John the Baptist to a renaissance of Negro art.

Instead they discuss their subject in the sober manner of men with a sound understanding of the mechanics of English verse, a catholic knowledge of its variety and development and an abiding appreciation of its beauty. From this point of view they con the entire output of Aframerican bards from Phyllis Wheatly to Georgia Douglas Johnson. Their method is to submit samples of a poet's representative work together with a brief biographical sketch and a critical remark or two. Their book represents not only a prodigious amount of research, but also a faculty for detective work rarely possessed by literary men; for much of their material was to be found only in out of print periodicals and pamphlets nobody but the publisher himself ever saw.

The anthology includes samples of the work of six poets before Dunbar, with Phyllis Wheatly heading the list. Excepting the work of Phyllis Wheatly, none of the verses submitted can be called poetry except by courtesy. This, of course, is to be expected, for it is the work of writers who began to function before the illiterate bards of the cotton field and cane brake had adequately fertilized racial thought. All of these poets were simply verse writers toying with primitive ideas. As these jejune ideas were culled from books, mainly European history, they were quite innocent of any distinctive Negro flavor. Dunbar was first to plow under the thin layer of tinsel ideas into the feelings of the people; hence he was the first Aframerican to produce mature poetry. Since his time the poets of the race have gone deeper and deeper into the realm of feeling with the result that we now have a body of poetry as distinctively Aframerican as the spirituals.

It is not easy to take exception to the critical conclusions of the authors. Indeed, after poetry reaches a certain level all judgments of its quality depend not so much on the poetry itself as on the predilection of the reader. Hardly any man who knows what poetry is will argue that Kipling's Barrack Room Ballads are worthy of being compared with Keat's odes, but when it comes to comparing Keats and Wordsworth there is room for the hottest kind of disagreement. When the authors evince a preference for Braithwaite over Dunbar I simply register my protest as a matter of record and pass on. However, I heartily join in their enthusiasm for J. Mord Allen. His Song of the Uplift alone is worth the price of the book, which is $2.00.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL.. By Carl Van Doren. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $1.00.

THEODORE DREISER. By Burton Roscoe. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $1.00.

These books are numbers one and three in the "Modern American Writers" series, and are edited by Mr. Ernest Boyd.

Ever since the suppression of "Jurgen," Mr. Cabell has been more or less in the public eye, and like most writers of ability he has become a more or less legendary figure.

(*Continued on page* 318)

SHRINERS AND TEMPLARS MEET

August 19th found the nobility from various sections of the country starting for the Hub City, Boston, Mass.

Sunday night, August 22nd, found delegates, representing every state in the Union and from the nine different bodies that were to convene in Grand Session that week.

Monday morning at 10 o'clock the Imperial Potentate, Cæsar R. Blake, Jr., and his staff in their respective stations called to order the assemblage of the Imperial Council of the twenty-seventh session. After a steady progress of business the Imperial Council adjourned to Columbus Avenue A. M. E. Zion Church where the public reception was held.

Addresses were made by Lt. Governor Mr. Youngman, speaking for the state; Acting Mayor Keys, speaking for the city; John W. Schenk, speaking for the citizens. Responsive addresses were given by I. P. Cæsar R. Blake, Jr.; Noble James R. Shepherd, Grand Master of North Carolina; the address of Eminent Sir Albert R. Lee was read by Eminent Grand Commander A. W. Brazier.

The ceremonies had consumed a lot of time, but everyone remained with patience and with eager interest to hear the final speaker, Mr. A. Philip Randolph, editor of the MESSENGER and General Organizer B. S. C. P. He covered an immense lot of ground in thirty-five minutes and the audience was very much pleased with the local committee for their selection of this able speaker.

Tuesday found the International Knight Templars conference open for business. Their work moved along rapidly and Thursday found them all finished with their business affairs, and they then entered into their election for officers for the next three years. The officers elected were as follows:

Grand Master	Albert R. See, Ill.
Grand Generalissimo	Sevi Williams, N. Y.
Grand Captain General	Jas. Minor, D. C.
Grand Senior, Grand Warden	Wm. S. Sewis, Pa.
Grand Junior, Grand Warden	C. E. Gordon, Ohio
Grand Treasurer	J. Evans, Md.
Grand Recorder	Wm. H. Perry, Ky.
Grand Standard Bearer	R. W. Jeffries, Mich.
Grand Sword Bearer	I. H. Bradbury, Mo.
Grand Warden	C. C. Campbell, W. Va.
Grand Reporter	A. W. Brazier, La.
Grand Sentinel	Robt. Stevens, N. J.

Advisory Board:

Sir Marshal T. Clay	Lexington, Ky.
Sir Wm. H. Mayo	Frankfort, Ky.
Sir E. S. Dickerson	Indianapolis, Ind.
Sir Henry A. Spencer	Rochester, N. Y.
Sir Jose H. Sherwood	St. Paul, Minn.

After a session of absolute peace and harmony the session was closed, to meet again at the Grand Encampment in Chicago in the month of August, 1929. The Grand Masters Council, the most sovereign of all bodies which convened, was represented by all grand jurisdictions. After matching their wisdoms for the betterment of their respective jurisdictions, they elected as their officers, P. G. M. Judge C. A. Clarke, St. Louis, Mo., president of this body; G. M. E. W. Brown, Amburst, Mass., first vice-president; G. M. W. W. Allen, Baltimore, Md., second vice-president; P. G. M. John S. Hubert, Wilmington, Del., secretary; G. M. S. C. Johnson, Aiken, S. C., treasurer.

The final and most solemn respect of duty was paid to Prince Hall, who established the African Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, in Boston, Mass., September 29, 1784, when each mason accompanied the various Grand Masters to his grave. The original charter was brought from a vault of one of the leading banks in Boston, under heavy police guard, in order that the Grand Masters could review it. After it had passed every eye it was returned to its original place under the same guard.

The Grand Masters and Past Grand Masters were all on the rostrum at one of the sessions of the Imperial Council, and the entire morning was devoted to addresses from these dignitaries.

The question still remains as to whether G. M. Woods of Alabama has a wealthier jurisdiction than that of the G. M. H. R. Butler of Georgia. The writer concedes that both of these Grand Masters are wizards in Finance. We regret very much to know that Grand Master Butler has not been well for more than a year, and he has the sympathy of the writer and all the men of his jurisdiction.

Grand Master Butler, Mrs. Butler and J. W. Dobbs, Grand Secretary of the Relief Department, were the guests of Mr. Julius Westmoreland and family at their country home in Plymouth, Mass., for a few days, after the convention.

Mrs. M. A. Parker, of Washington, D. C., was elected Interstate President of the Cyrenes. The Competitive Drill of the Shriners was won by Arabie Temple No. 44 of Chicago; Medina of New York, second; Indianapolis, Ind., third.

Knight Templars contest, Chicago, first; New York, second; Washington, third. All shrine officers re-elected adjourned to meet in Newark, N. J., in August, 1927.

One of the nobles who had a large expense account this year was Noble Thos. H. Williams, having with him Mr. Williams and little Misses Irma, 9, and Elaine, 8, and their guest, Mrs. Roy Lancaster.

We were indeed glad to see Mrs. Jose Sherwood of St. Paul, Minn., who has been ill all of this year, and practically got out of a sick bed to answer the call to duty as Secretary of the Daughter of Isis. Mrs. Sherwood has the sympathy of all of her friends, and we hope for her a speedy recovery.

The old regulars, I. R. Sevi Williams, I. T. Chas. D. Freeman, I. I. G. Stuart C. Jefferson, I. R. G. Jas. R. Williams, D. I. P. Harry Knight, I. C. Patrol Clarence Dunlop, I. C. Rabbab Clarence Baxter, I. asst. Rabban, I. H. Bradberry, I. M. Chas. Thorpe and two sons, were all present, and looked the picture of health.

One of the most pleasant features of the Council (to the writer) was the visit of his life-long friend, John W. Dobbs, a member of the auditing committee of the Imperial Council, and now Secretary-Treasurer of the M. R. A. Y., Georgia, who was his special guest in New York, on his way to Boston, and upon his return. Mr. Dobbs was a visitor at the MESSENGER'S office and had several very interesting conferences with Mr. Randolph. He was honor guest to luncheon with Mr. Randolph, Mr. Lancaster and a few of their friends.

We are all looking forward to a more wonderful time next year when the convention will be right at our door.

With best wishes to all, for health and happiness,

Yours as sojourner,

W. C. K.

Dumb-Bell

"Why didn't you send a man to mend my electric bell?"

"I did, madam, but as he rang three times and got no answer, my man decided there was nobody home."—Wall Street Journal.

Is there anybody home with a porter who doesn't know enough to organize to better his condition, as other railroad workers have done?—Editor.

The Editors modestly admit that they have never refused a subscription ($1.75 a year) from any source. Indeed, we earnestly seek them.

NOTES ON THE BROTHERHOOD

The Brotherhood celebrated its first anniversary, August 25, 1925, in the St. Luke's Hall, New York; in the Metropolitan center, Chicago, and in the various districts throughout the country.

Refreshments and dancing followed after a delightful and entertaining program of addresses and songs. The musical numbers were rendered by pupils of Professor Casca Bonds, of London, England. They were accompanied by Miss Florence Herbert, prominent piano teacher. Those who sang were Mme. Alice Frazier, soprano; Lou Ranson, baritone, and Miss R. Hartwell, who accompanied her own selections.

Refreshments were furnished by the Ladies' Auxiliary. Brother S. E. Grain supervised the securing of the music.

Addresses were made by Dr. Norman Thomas, one of the editors of "The Nation"; Fred R. Moore, editor of the New York "Age"; Frank R. Crosswaith, Special Organizer; Congressman LaGuardia; Ex-Assemblyman August Classens; W. J. Orr, Special Organizer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers; Mrs. Alice MacDouglad, Assistant Principal, P. S. No. 89; Roy Lancaster, General Secretary-Treasurer, and A. Philip Randolph, General Organizer. Benjamin Stolberg, noted writer, presided.

At the close of the exercises, Brother Crosswaith presented Brother Randolph with a beautiful traveling bag, a gift from the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Brotherhood.

Totten in Kansas City, Mo.

A. L. Totten, Assistant General Organizer, is conducting a rip-roaring, effective campaign for the Brotherhood in Kansas City, Mo.; Kansas City, Kans., and Wichita, Kans. He has received excellent co-operation from the citizens in the districts. He reports that the men are signing the questionnaires for the referendum rapidly. The citizens' petitions, too, are being willingly signed.

The Referendum

The nationwide referendum on wages and working conditions has met with a most encouraging response everywhere. Indications are that it will be completed by the end of the month. Every porter is urged to sign the questionnaires immediately and send same to the headquarters, 2311 Seventh Avenue, or to give it to his local secretary-treasurer. The sooner the referendum is finished the sooner will the General Organizer be able to proceed further with the case of the porters for more wages and improved working conditions.

Des Verney in St. Louis and Indianapolis

At the urgent requests of a large number of porters, members and non-members in St. Louis, brother Des Verney, Assistant General Organizer, left around the last of August for Indianapolis and St. Louis for an extended campaign to push the referendum and round up the slackers. He reports great progress as a result of his aggressive and able work. The citizens are giving him encouraging cooperation. Dr. W. C. Bridges has done yeoman service for the cause in St. Louis.

Portland, Oregon

The men here are piloted by Brother Clarence Ivey, one of the Brotherhood's strongest men. He has brought into the movement a spirit, devotion and ability which have completely routed the enemy. He reports success with the referendum.

Oakland-San Francisco

Dad Moore, the venerable warrior for economic justice for the Pullman porters and J. D. Jones, the efficient secretary-treasurer, have accomplished wonders in the last year. They very effectively fought to get the National Federation of Colored Women's Clubs to endorse the Brotherhood and succeeded. They are making great headway in getting the citizens of their district behind the organization. They are backed by a fearless and indefatigable organizing committee. The referendum has gone over big there.

Los Angeles

Brother George S. Grant, the capable secretary-treasurer of Los Angeles, reports extraordinary results from the systematic and determined educational campaign waged there. He is assisted by a devoted and earnest organizing committee. There the questionnaires on demands to be taken up with the Pullman Company or the Mediation Board have met with a happy response.

Seattle

This is a Union City, and the Pullman porters have all of the fire of determination and zeal which characterize the labor movement here. Never has there been the slightest fear among the men. Here the Brotherhood flourished from the very outset. The organizing committee is handling the questionnaires in fine fashion.

Chicago

Under the tireless and able leadership of brothers M. P. Webster, organizer, and George A. Price, secretary-treasurer, the Brotherhood has become a formidable and constructive factor in the life of the Negro. They have put it on the map in man-like fashion. The organizing committee has been vigilant and always on the job to advance the cause of the organization. It is resolutely pushing the referendum with remarkable results. Constant and vigorous propaganda meetings have steadily won new ground, despite opposition. The Ladies' Auxiliary realized a considerable revenue out of a delightful dance it gave in July.

Denver

The flag of the Brotherhood is flying high here. The opposition has been driven to cover as a result of the determined and uncompromising work of the organizing committee, backed by Rev. G. L. Prince and Brother Palmer, editor of the Colorado "Labor Advocate," who have rendered herculean service for the movement. The Denver division held a beautiful and successful ball the twenty-fifth of August.

Omaha

This is one of our banner districts. Nowhere in the movement have we a more courageous and resourceful group of workers for the triumph of our programme. Wide-awake, determined and aggressive, the organizing committee, nobly assisted by Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Hawkins, has put the Brotherhood securely on the map. Hardly a corporal's guard remain outside the organization.

Washington, D. C.

The constructive achievements of the organizing committee will exact and illicit the praise and admiration of the most critical and hard-boiled labor unionist. They have completely banished all fear from the men in the district. The movement has received unselfish and effective support from the local branch of the N. A. A. C. P. The organizing committee is doing fine work with the questionnaires.

The MESSENGER gives readers an excellent assortment of reading matter every month.

We wish each reader would give us a subscription. ($1.75 a year).

Open Forum

A Voice for Supporter and Opponent

Mr. W. H. DesVerney,
Assistant General Organizer,
The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters,
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

Sir:—

Hoping that I am not too late in mailing, I am enclosing five dollars balance on admittance fee and one months dues. I would have reported before this only being in the service for just about a month you can understand I am sure. I wish to state however that you have my fullest support in whatever possible way, in addition to paying my dues if there is any service that I can be to the organization you need only to inform me as I have only one hope and desire above seeing the Negro take his place among other races. We must fight a consistent fight to win any worthy battle. I do hope this movement is not another spasmodic effort that will soon die out without results.

Again pledging my fullest support, believe me to be,

Respectfully yours,

A. Porter.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY
Washington, D. C.

Mr. A. Philip Randolph,
The Messenger,
2311 Seventh Ave.,
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Randolph:

Your circular letter, though dated December 1st reached me much later than that date.

In your letter you say:

"It is certainly inconceivable that a race leader of your standing would permit yourself to be bought off by the Pullman Company to fight a group of workers of your own race, upon whose well-being your own living depends."

The statement quoted makes a direct accusation without awaiting any word from me whatsoever, and before I can reply to your communication. I want to say that, not only did the Pullman Company not "buy me off," as your letter suggests, but no part of its money was used for any transportation or hotel bills of mine.

Now, in reply to your inquiry; I was present at the meeting referred to, but no such resolution as the one quoted by you was passed in the conference sessions which I attended at the Mu-So-Lit Club or at the New Liberty Hotel.

Very truly yours,

EMMETT J. SCOTT

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 6th, 1926.

Mr. A. Philip Randolph.
2311 Seventh Ave.,
New York City, N. Y.

My dear Sir:

The Young Mothers' Social and Charity Club hereby endorse the Organization known as the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

We feel that it is a good movement and will do all within our power to encourage all Railroad Porters to become life members and do their full duty to support the organization.

Your address to our Club enlightened us along many lines, showing us the necessity of such an organization.

Sincerely yours,

The Young Mother's Social and Charity Club.
HELEN O. BRASCHER, President.

Committee
La Ursa Snelson Hedrick
Mrs. Chas. O. Seames
Margaret Aaron.

Memphis, Tenn., June 16, 1926.

Messenger Publishing Co., Inc.,
New York City, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

As a reader of the Messenger, I am disappointed to learn that I cannot get the Messenger in Memphis. I have gone to the office of the *World* news stand many times to purchase a copy of the magazine and have never been able to get one. I asked the manager of the stand to order, each month, a copy of the Messenger for me and have received only January, February and March issues. If possible, kindly send the last three isues to me C.O.D.

We are for you and the Messenger, always. Please accept my congratulations upon the exposure of the Whip's graft and black mailing, and turning on the light that the people might see and understand the working conditions of the Pullman porter. Let me say, Messrs. Randolph and Owens, that the people are with you, and God is for you. No man can do these wonders unless God be with him.

Your friend,

Geo. H. Bell,
1232 McLemore Ave.,
Memphis, Tenn.

My dear Brother Randolph,

Even a man so overwhelmed with work as I am takes pleasure in sending a few words of encouragement to the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters who are being exploited by the Pullman Company. I realize that your heroic men who are fighting for a living wage in order that they may not be the recipients of charity will have to face bitter opposition from the Railroad Barons, if they are not already doing so. They hate unions and why shouldn't they?

Have not unions slowly dragged other workers from the intolerable position of wage slavery? Have they not curtailed the despotism of the industrial autocrats who tried to run their business as they please? Have they not given the workers a concept of power and economic possibilities which will help the workers ultimately to work out their economic salvation through co-operative efforts? Have they not been the greatest single force to bring about the betterment of the conditions of workers and all movements for social betterment? Have not the unions been the greatest schools of democracy and are not their ideals those of the progressive socially-minded elements in society?

I hope my colored brothers will realize that they have the privilege of fighting for things worth while—for economic freedom for self respect, for decent living standards and for democracy in industry. Such things can only be won after a great struggle. Their opponents who place the rights of property above the rights of humanity and self interest above social interest will do everything in their power to break their dawning sense of labor consciousness. They will hire cheap labor, they will discriminate, they will fire some men, they will hire thugs and gunmen, etc. In a word they will do all that exploiters of labor have done in the past when human rights sought realization through unionism.

In addition to the above difficulties your men will have to contend with the additional difficulty of race prejudice of his mistaken and miseducated white brothers, even in the industrial field. This fact must not make the Negro bitter, it must not discourage him. On the contrary it must encourage them to make greater efforts because a just cause cannot be lost and because their victory—which surely will come—will be the greater and more glorious. Let them be sustained by the fact that others in the past have been confronted with difficulties equally great, if not greater, and have overcome them.

Let your men bear in mind that the eyes of America are upon them. Fight on, your fellow workers are with you.

Cordially and fraternally,

ABRAHAM LEFKOWITZ

Washington, D. C., December 4, 1925.

Mr. A. Philip Randolph,
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

Mr. dear Mr. Randolph:

Replying to yours of November 28, I beg to say I attended the meeting here in Washington a few days ago, in answer to an invitation coming through Mr. Melvin Chisum, the purpose of which was stated for consideration of matters affecting the status of the Negroes of America.

Various subjects were discussed, but there was no resolution adopted making reference to the movement to organize the Pullman Porters; and if such release was sent out, it was certainly contrary to the agreement as outlined in the reports brought in from the several committees and adopted by the assembly.

I have not seen such release, but have heard of it.

I knew nothing of the call for this meeting until the night before the day of the meeting and had no idea it was backed by the organization of which you speak.

I accepted no money for expense account or anything else and am interested in the statement you make that the movement had behind it sinister or selfish motives.

I have always tried to keep free from anything that would even seem like compromising myself or my people when it comes to the question of equal rights, privileges and opportunities for my race.

Yours very truly,
J. R. HAWKINS.

Pullman Porters Benefit Association of America

Dear Mr. Randolph:

The half page advertisements which were carried in most of the colored papers, when the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters came to Chicago, stated that the Pullman Porters' Benefit Association has a membership of eight thousand throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico. That membership is entirely optional with employees. That all are invited to join, but there is no obligation to do so. And that local lodges are maintained in the principal cities to promote the welfare, social activities and fraternal spirit of the members.

The intelligence of these men prompts the following questions:

(1) From what source does the Pullman Porters' Benefit Association of America derive its corporate powers? If it has no such powers—why? In this day of enlightenment would any such large group of men operating as a fraternal organization (or even a social organization), receiving from and paying out to its members hundreds of thousands of dollars without being incorporated under the proper laws to so operate? Why then would they so operate without the bounds of the law? Cannot they operate within the law? Whose fault is it? The Pullman Porters have the intelligence to operate within the law; the Pullman Company has the intelligence to operate without the law.

(2) If membership is entirely optional, why does the District Superintendent acting as agent, call the hesitating porter into his private office and say, "why don't you join the P. P. B. A.? Don't you want to co-operate with the company." What would you do, what would anybody do under the circumstances? Just as the eight thousand porters have done. In the paid-for advertisements the public was advised that porters are invited to join. Porters will tell you they are urged, coerced, threatened. Ask some of them. Who do you believe?

(3) How much welfare, social activities and fraternal spirit do local lodges of the P. P. B. of A. maintain in the principal cities for the approximate $216,000.00 the eight thousand porters pay in a year? Ask the porters. It is reported that at a hearing before the Wage Board in Washington a few years ago, the Pullman Company claimed that through the Pullman Porters Benefit Association of America, fifty-one per cent of the porters was represented, and that the porters were satisfied with their wages and working conditions. If that is a fact, it would appear that the P. P. B. of A. is more solicitous about the welfare of the Pullman Company than its own members. And then —whose welfare is more conserved by the whole and half page advertisements which appeared in the local papers? The porters' or the company's?

(4) If the Association is governed by the Grand Association, the porters know—but the public doesn't know—who governs the Grand Association. Will Mr. Perry Howard please advise the public?

In the history of the Pullman Company's Pullman Porters' Benefit Association, it is admitted that in the only referendum vote the scheme was rejected by the porters in 1917, but it is not stated that it was the same rejected scheme put in operation February 1, 1921, without the referendum approval of the porters. And if it was put to an honest vote now, it would be defeated 8 to 1.

It is advertised that "All officers are paid by the Association from Association funds, and are responsible only to the Board of Directors and to the Grand Association." Who, then, is the Board of Directors and Grand Officers responsible to? If they were responsible to the eight thousand porters, every director and every officer would have been put out of office at the annual meeting in Chicago a few months ago because of the waste, shameful and almost criminal expenditure of thousands of dollars of their money in these whole and half page advertisements. Why advertise to the public? It is not eligible to membership, and it is the duty of every Pullman District Superintendent and Agent to see that his men pay $26.00 to $28.00 a year into the fund.

Pullman porters—the company's P. P. B. of A. is spending thousands of dollars of the money that you paid in to pay death and disability benefits to your beneficiaries and yourselves. Why?

Washington, D. C., January 15, 1926.

Mr. A. L. Totten,
Whitelaw Hotel,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Totten:

I have your letter of January 8, and am interested in the movement to organize the Pullman Porters.

I will be glad to do what I can to assist.

Very truly yours,
NANNIE H. BURROUGHS.

February 3, 1926.

Miss Nannie H. Burroughs,
The National Training School for Women and Girls, Inc.,
Lincoln Heights,
Washington, D. C

Dear Miss Burroughs:

Permit me to acknowledge your most splendid letter of January 30th to Mr. Randolph, bubbling with words of wisdom and advice, which if adhered to means a steady march to success.

Mr. Randolph is in Chicago and I am forwarding same to him, but permit me to assure you of our deep appreciation.

Yours very truly,
BROTHERHOOD OF SLEEPING CAR PORTERS
Secretary-Treasurer.

Cambridge, Mass.
Sept. 17, 1926

Mr. A. Philip Randolph,
Organizer of Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters,
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

My dear Sir: Greetings.

I received your communication outlining the tremendous strides the Brotherhood has made in the short space of twelve months, together with a pamphlet containing six questionnaires why the porters should consolidate. Those six appeals are the foundations upon which the whole fabric of the organization rests. I am proud to note that a member of my race has so qualified himself as to make a national movement from no material start upon or work with. But notwithstanding the handicaps and drawbacks by reason of the lukewarmness of many whose welfare you are fighting, you have made mountains out of mole-hills.

You may not, like Joshua, command the sun to stand still, and the moon in the valley of Agalon. But you may rout and pursue the enemy so relentlessly that they will gladly raise the flag of truce and ask for terms of arbitration. We cannot lend you brains, but we solemnly pledge our moral and financial support. All arrears shall be collected and every form of encouragement will be given you. We will hold up your arms while the bullets are the thickest and as the battle grows fiercest. The words "turn back," or the word "failure" is not in our vocabulary. Our faith in your success in this warfare of justice and fair dealing is so strong that it amounts almost to fanaticism.

In the name of God and a righteous cause, press onward

and forward and may your watchword be "I shall never stop till I reach the goal." I believe I have the permission of every porter or maid in the service to say Godspeed to you, together with your loyal support and good wishes, and finally, there will forever remain a monument of gratitude in the heart of every man, woman and child in whose veins a strain of African blood flows. By your guiding genius, we shall soon behold the promised land flowing with milk and honey, a firm belief in the help of God and your own efforts will do the trick. Kindly thank your assistants for their generous and unselfish service to the cause.

Fraternally yours,

PORTER.

To Our General Organizer,
As a token of our appreciation
of his past activities:

Since in all the annals of the Negroes' activity, during the period of his freedom in America, it is an evident fact that the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters has made the most spectacular contribution to the race than any other organization of a similar nature, headed by its able leader and a fearless fighter for human justice, Mr. A. Philip Randolph. On this day, in our first attempt to celebrate our first anniversary (August 25th, 1926), we, the undersigned members and staunch supporters of said organization, do hereby go on record as endorsing the program that has been and is continuing to be fostered by said organization. And further pray that our leader will be sufficiently supplied with strength to keep up the good fight.

Signed: MEMBERS.

To the Members of the Advisory Committee:

The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters has just passed its first milestone of existence. We look back to view the work done in the first twelve months and we can point with pride to a record that stands alone in the history of labor organizations. We shall all feel proud of our record for many reasons; it has been charged that such could not be done in two years. One can readily see that all the old methods have been discarded and that we have employed the very latest methods and procedure, all of which we owe to the brilliancy and efficiency of our leader, A. Philip Randolph.

We will, at this time, pause a moment to pay our highest respect to Mr. Randolph, for his untiring devotion to the cause so dear to us all, and renew our pledge to start on the second year, resolved to do more, in assisting in the prosecution of our cause. We are very sorry to find cause to criticize some of the members of the committee for their seemingly non-interested attitude. Being a mere member of the committee is not enough and, besides, that fact does not get the desired results, and results are all that will count in the final analysis. We are now about to enter upon a long trail and each step is toward greater responsibilities; the eyes of the world are upon us and a check is being kept on every move we make. I want to say that our enemies will not fail to make capital of every false step and hold up the entire race to ridicule, so I hope that each member of the committee will so conduct himself in all his dealings in a way that will be commendable to the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters in particular, and to the race in general.

Brothers, the time has come for action. This condition has been brought about in this short space of time by the untiring efforts of the leaders and the cooperation of the loyal members. Now that our case will soon be presented before the company or the Mediation Board for permanent action, let me urge upon each member of this very important committee the necessity of doubling his efforts to the end of doing a big thing in a big way intelligently, and not be satisfied by having our names upon the roster as a member of the most important committee in America today. There are many important things that must be done and action taken, in order to advance the cause of our organization. We hope to adjust all matters that are of vital importance to the life of our organization from time to time as they arise.

Respectfully submitted,

Chairman, Advisory Committee, New York Division.

Shreveport, La., June 4, 1926.

Mr. Roy Lancaster,
Sec. B. H. S. C. P.
2311 Seventh Ave.,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

Please send me a blank and let me know what it will cost me to join at once as I don't care to hold off any longer. Hoping to hear from you at once, and oblige,

Yours truly,

A. PORTER.

P. S. Please get it here by the 6th or the 7th. Thank you.

June 6, 1926.

My dear Mayor Kendrick:

I want to send you my thanks for your invitation to my friend A. Philip Randolph to represent the Negro citizens of this country at the opening of the Sesqui-Centennial; and my deep appreciation of the breadth of mind and the essential sense of justice that it expressed.

It is almost like commending one for doing only what is the right thing, but as things are today in this country, that is to say, wrong-headed and wrong-hearted, it behooves one to do just this. We white people have a great load of injustice and brutality to carry; and acts like yours relieve it a bit, meantime giving the Negro encouragement that one working against heavy odds needs and must have.

I learn by a report to the N. Y. Leader that efforts were made during Mr. Randolph's address to get you to stop him (a typically Nordic and "100 per cent" sort of thing —so I take it that it is a true report); so, again, my thanks to you. And believe that I speak for many others —who are too busy to write you, or not addicted to letter-writing, who feel as deeply.

Sincerely,

BLANCHE WATSON.

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, January 15.

Dear Comrade Crosswaith:

I have been lecturing to the coal miners through the fields in Central Illinois for the past two weeks and am now in Springfield helping my old friend Oscar Ameringer get out "The Illinois Miner."

Wherever I went I put in a boost for the Porters, and as a result the miners in the Sub-District unanimously passed the enclosed resolutions, asking that I send them on to you. They would have given you something more substantial than "moral" support were it not for the fact that there is tragic unemployment here and every cent they have has to go to help the hard coal men and the work of organizing in the scab fields in West Virginia and the other states. You may be sure that the miners are back of you in your fight. You know that the U. M. W. of A. has always welcomed the colored worker to its ranks.

My best to Lancaster, Des Verney and the others and a lot for yourself.

Fraternally,

McALISTER COLEMAN.

New York City, January 5, 1926.

Editor of The Messenger:

First, permit me to extend to you my hearty congratulations upon the noble and sincere fight which you are leading in behalf of my unfortunate fellowworkers, who are trying to better their working conditions.

I am a Pullman Porter, and as such, my "enviable" position permits me to gather much information concerning most of the subjects, projects and problems that confront this American public. I gather such intelligence by listening to the discussions and conversations which are carried on in the last of the Democratic Forums of this country, the smoking-room of a Pullman Car.

For some unknown reason no passenger has been kind enough to elucidate on such questions as why Negro "leaders" are so easily bought and paid for; or why Negro "editors" who aspire to become "William Randolph Hearsts" overnight and fill their "yellow sheets" with blazing red headlines with news concerning bawdy house women, crooked wives, and lodge notices will sell out for the price of an advertisement and help oppress their fel-

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Book Reviews

(*Continued from page* 312)

Especially to the man in the street. The true, the authentic, the flesh and blood Cabell is not known; at least, to only a few *cognoscenti* and members of the *literati*. The average reader has a quite common notion that he is a very ribald and smutty writer. One who concocts phrases of perfumed and esoteric smut. Not the kind of author to be read at the family hearth when papa is home from his office, and mother has finished the supper dishes, and little Mary and Johnny gather at the fireside to hear "sane and wholesome" reading. This, I say, is the prevalent idea of the author which one finds among the Ku Kluxers, Rotarians, and one hundred per cent Americans. But one with even a superficial knowledge of Cabell's works knows the picture to be a false one, and one with little if any relations to the truth. Mr. Van Doren sets out to correct this view; and in his skillful and scholarly manner proceeds to puncture the bubbles of prejudice and ignorance which have hitherto obscured Mr. Cabell. The truth is that Mr. Cabell is a great writer, a great romantic writer with a wonderful command of English phrase and diction. A writer who reasons his romanticism with the salt of irony, wit and skepticism. He is no sentimentalist à la Rosseau. And when he does fall into sentimentalism he quickly resumes his former urbane and ironic attitude. To give better play to his imagination, his wit, his ideas, and his irony he invents for himself the imaginary kingdom of Poictesme. And here with grotesque abandonment he gives free reins to his fancy. And as one would expect, this play of his imagination and wit is not understood by the *vulgus;* and since they get no joy out of it and can perceive no beauty therein, they proceed to slander, to hurl vile epithets, and to even succeed in suppressing "Jurgen." But Cabell continues on his way writing beautiful, polished sentences and paragraphs and inventing romances of supreme charm and beauty.

Mr. Dreiser has been the gadfly and the *bête noir* of American critics ever since he published his first novel, "Sister Carrie," in 1900. That is, of the Paul Elmer Mores, the Shermans, the Matthews, and the Babbitts. They tried to frighten his readers by labeling him as "immoral," "un-American," "bestial," "obsessed with sex," etc. In fact, they used all the tricks of a Baptist dervish exhorting his congregation to avoid "wine, women and song." But it was to no avail, and he paid no attention whatever to his critics, no matter how they howled, or whether they were friendly or unfriendly. He continued his journalistic work and to write his novels. And what novels they were, in the face of the sweet succotash of sentimentalism and one hundred per cent village idiocy then reigning in our popular pot boilers. The professors would have none of him because, they said, he flouted the true and guiding principles which are the basis of our democracy. And the moralists abjured him, they said, because he was "obscene," "obsessed with sex," and a "perverter of life." And a result of all this lying was the creation of a Dreiser legend: the concoction of an imaginary figure who existed only in the minds of Dreiser's detractors. A legend due to the misreading of the author's aims and purposes, as Mr. Roscoe shows. Since Mr. Dreiser has been so grossly misinterpreted and maligned, Mr. Roscoe devotes a good many pages of his book to a correction of the popular ignorances concerning the man, and in a brilliantly-written chapter shows just what Dreiser has achieved. Dreiser has made possible the publication and enthusiastic reception of novels which treat American life critically and artistically, and without cant on sentimentalism; and he has enabled a host of younger writers to freely express their ideas of life as lived in America without being labeled "obscene" and "falsifiers of life."

J. W. Ivy.

Open Forum

(*Continued from page* 317)

low race men; why some Negro ministers, men of the type like Bishop Carey, the incarnation of base cowardice and trickery, will work to hinder a man who stands up for right and principle; why a dirty, treacherous money-mad Negro shyster lawyer will violate all sense of propriety, ethics, and decency to prate, prant and howl in an endeavor to defeat the just demands of a group of Negro Porters; why Negro orators, most of whom are possessed with a "fog horn voice" like that of "Judas Iscariot" Simmons of the "Windy City" and that of professional race problems efficiency expert, Melvin Chisum will suffer themselves to become mute in defense of a principle for the sake of a "two-bit note."

The nearest approach to either of these queries was made by a passenger in my car enroute from the West. He said, "The damned fool Negroes ought to be exploited by us; for his own black intellectual prostitutes, leaders, and business men prey upon them like hungry dogs."

The situation is indeed appalling, disgusting and discouraging to me—a lowly Pullman porter—when I think of the sad plight that we Negroes are in. How can we demand respect, consideration, and justice from this treacherous American white man when our own black traitorous "leaders" are so easily subsidized with tainted money or some sort of "assistants'" job? It can't be done! As matters stand today, we are left easy prey for the "hungry dogs" of our own race who utilize their positions and standing amongst us to fatten their gaping pocket books, so devoid of honor.

What are we to do? Surely there must be a "Moses" amongst us. Somewhere there slumbers an honest man, a leader, who cannot be bought, and who will stand up for principle and justice. Why not seek him out and implore him to lead us free from these tricksters who have assumed the role of leaders?

No language should be too strong in condemning these scoundrels, traitors, grafters, and pettifoggers. You cannot appeal to their reason, because they possess none; hence they deserve no consideration, and it is my wish that you harangue and denounce them in the strongest and most violent language that the mails will allow—perhaps they possess a little something which they call price.

Best wishes for your success.

A. PORTER.

Chicago, Ill., January, 1926.

Mr. A. Philip Randolph,
2311 Seventh Ave.,
New York City, N. Y.
Dear friend and Brother:

The Company has just compelled the men to vote in the Chicago Eastern District under their plans, having the men understand that if they vote, they could not get their money until there were 64 blank votes thrown out which was against the company's interest.

Mr. Leach, the Company's General Superintendent, was angry and took the names of all the porters in the District that did not vote. I think your field men in Chicago should keep their eyes open and have some one to report to them. The company is figuring day and night, every way and means to defeat us. For heaven's sake, don't let them out-scheme you.

I think it would be advisable to keep an article in the Chicago and New York papers every week so as to keep the fire burning constantly before the public. The idea of such narrow prejudiced statements coming from the lips of a man of Mr. Powell's standing at a so-called porter's meeting, relating that the porters could get more money if they didn't buy so many automobiles. What has that to do with porter's wages? Every man should have a car. That's not a luxury, its a necessity and a benefit. We want a living wage, at least $150 a month, and better working conditions. Why do they give the porter three hours sleep and conductors four, five or as many as they desire. Lack of sleep and exposure kill more porters than anything else. A porter should have at least six hours rest period.

We also would like to ask the Pullman Company to build cars with more convenience for the porters, especially to sleep instead of climbing to upper berths which are often sold to the inconvenience of the porter. He then goes to the smoking room next to the lavatory, there to relax on a narrow lounge seat provided for passengers with a light shining in his face to rob him of such sleep that he might get. This difficulty stops his blood from circulating. Why not build cars with berths in the smoking rooms for the porters if they must sleep in such a place?

Now as to whether the passenger should pay for the

(*Continued on next page*)

Eatonville Anthology

(*Continued from page 297*)

store and out into the piney woods. As soon as he left the house, Cal'line slipped on her shoes without taking time to don stockings, put on one of her husband's old Stetsons, worn and floppy, slung the axe over her shoulder and followed in his wake. He was hailed cheerily as he passed the sitters on the store porch and answered smiling sheepishly and passed on. Two minutes later passed his wife, silently, unsmilingly, and set the porch to giggling and betting.

An hour passed perhaps. It was dark. Clarke had long ago lighted the swinging kerosene lamp inside.

Samuel Coleridge Taylor

(*Continued from page 298*)

watha's Wedding Feast" paid the composer the munificent sum of fifteen guineas for the entire copyright. When the work was at the height of its immense popularity they presented him with a second check for £25."

Taylor frequently complained to the writer that the publishers referred to by Mr. Legge, had treated him very unfairly; nevertheless, he felt no bitterness against them, but consoled himself with the belief that the publicity given to his work by these publishers had been worth many thousand pounds, sterling, to him.

However, on the day following the Royal College of Music concert, Taylor, still emotioned by the happenings of the night before, when asked if his great success had effected him, he replied:

"Of course, I was beside myself with joy; but almost my first thought was: 'What will mother say?' "

"Did your mother help you write it?" I jokingly asked.

"Not with pen or pencil," returned the composer, smiling. "But, how frequently did I call her away from her duties in the kitchen, and she—perhaps her hands were covered with dough and her apron all floury—would listen while I played a bar or two; and then, evidently well pleased, would encourage me to persevere—God bless her!

"Do you think your genius is due to the African blood in your veins?"

"I don't know so much about the genius," said Taylor modestly. "Before I pretend to anything like that I should do something equally as good, if not better, as "The Wedding Feast." Perhaps that is only a fluke. And as for owing anything to the African part of me, who can say?"

(*Copyright by the Author.*)

Previous Struggles

(*Continued from page 306*)

known as "The Pullman Porters' Review," which gave most of its space to propagating Pullman interests, but was very little to the porters' welfare.

Government ownership of the railways virtually terminated in July, 1920, so when the Brotherhood called its next convention in October, same year, the Pullman Company was more concerned about those who attended the convention. The petty Negro officials of the company were given transportation, but the delegates who were concerned in the success of the Brotherhood were subject to much inconvenience and unpleasantness.

The year had passed without any improvement in our working conditions, several issues of vital importance were neglected or overlooked by the general officers, which was the cause of much dissatisfaction among the members.

False propaganda was circulated shortly before the convention, for the purpose of creating dissention among the delegates. The treasury was empty, due to incompetent management, and the condition of the organization was unsatisfactory to all concerned. There were three very urgent issues to be considered in the coming convention. Namely: "Saving the Brotherhood," "Ousting the Stool Pigeons" (they were the present petty Negro officials) and "Consolidating the Brotherhood with One of the Other Organizations," which seemed the only means available to save the Brotherhood from destruction. A subject I will write on in a later issue with the consent of the Editor.

Open Forum

(*Continued from page 318*)

shining of his shoes. A porter should have the right to ask for pay for polishing any passenger's shoes or refuse to do so. I have worked on a grievance committee and have met the wage board often. This same question has come up while I was working for the Northern Sleeping Car Company. They asked the G. Northern and Pullman Companies whether it was true that they compelled their porters to buy polish and brushes and shine the shoes of passengers, leaving it to the passengers whether or not they should pay the porter. The Pullman Company answered "no." I arose and named an instance where a porter had shined the shoes of a passenger and his son. They left the car without paying the porter who kindly reminded them of the service. The resented it and both attacked the porter severely injuring him. The wage board then handed down the decision that the porter had a perfect right to collect for polishing passenger's shoes.

I broadcasted the decision to all porters, but the Pullman Company still violates the decision of the wage board and insists that the passengers have a right to have their shoes shined each night they are on the cars to the end of the journey. They wanted it distinctly understood. Those were the words of the Assistant Superintendent to the porters in the Illinois Central yards last winter. Such nerve! If they should insist that the porters polish the shoes of passengers, then why not furnish equipment with which to do so.

Fraternally yours,

A PORTER

Arcady

There is no murmur of soft spoken leaves
Along the narrow reaches of these streets.
Here are no rows of golden wheaten sheaves,
No silent harbors, no obscure retreats.

The ways of life lie open to be read
By all who wish, and many wish to see;
The pangs of birth, the passing of the dead,—
Here in the street can be no mystery.

Yet even here they wander, two and two,
Who dream the ancient dream of all the race,
They walk in Arcady as if they knew
Each gracious by-path of that fabled place.

The hard streets whisper, and the tepid wind,
And still they walk, the blessed and the blind.

—D. P. Berenberg.

To members of The B. S. C. P.

Be sure to notify this office, 2311 7th Avenue, New York City, of any change of address.

Notice to Out of Town Porters

Here Is Where the Brotherhood Meets in New York City and When:

ST. LUKE'S HALL

125 West 130th Street
New York City

For the Month of October

Wednesday the Sixth
Thursday the Fourteenth
Wednesday the Twentieth
Thursday the Twenty-eighth

All meetings begin promptly at 8:30 P. M.

Every porter should consider it a duty and a privilege to attend these meetings, in order to hear A. Philip Randolph, and keep informed of developments in the rapid forward conquering march of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

Compliments to The Brotherhood
From Julius M. Green
Real Estate Broker—New York City

The Capstone of Negro Education

HOWARD UNIVERSITY

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Founded by GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

MORDECAI W. JOHNSON, S.T.M., D.D., President
EMMETT J. SCOTT, A.M., LL.D., Secretary-Treasurer

Purpose

To provide the Twelve Million Colored people of the United States with College-trained and Professional leaders through its courses in the Arts, the Sciences, in Education, Public Health and Hygiene, Music, Engineering, Medicine, Dentistry, Pharmacy, Religion and Law

Students may enter for Collegiate Work at the beginning of any quarter

REGISTRATION

Autumn Quarter .....September 27, 28, 1926
Winter Quarter .....January 3, 1927
Spring Quarter .....March 19, 1927

For Catalogue and Information Write

F. D. WILKINSON, Registrar — Howard University, Washington, D. C.